THE MARRIAGE-HATER Match'd: A COMEDY.

ACTED at the

Theatre Royal

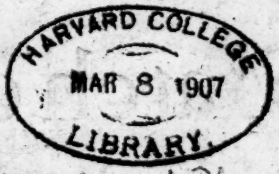
By THEIR

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by *THO. D'URFEY*, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley*, in *Ruſſel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*; *R. Parker*, at the *Unicorn* under the *Royal Exchange*; and *Sam. Briſcoe*, over againſt *Will's Coffee-Houſe*, *Covent-Garden*. 1693.



Gift of Ernest Blaney Dane

PROLOGUE. *Mr. Monford* Enters, meets *Mrs. Bracegirdle* dreſſed in Boy's Cloaths, who ſeeing her, Endeavours to go back, but he taking hold of her, Speaks:

Monf. NAY, *Madam, there's no turning back alone;*
Now you are Enter'd, faith you muſt go on;
And ſpeak the Prologue, *you for thoſe are Fam'd,*
And th' Play's beginning.

Brace. *Would the Play were Damn'd:*
I ſhall ne'er wiſh the Poet good Succeſs;
For putting me into this nauſeous Dreſs;
A Dreſs, which of all other things I hate;

Monf. *That's very ſtrange, faith, ſince thy Legs are ſtraight;*
For if thou hadſt a thouſand Lovers here,
That very Garb, as thou doſt now appear
Takes more than any Mantoe we can buy,
Or Wir'd Comode, tho' Cock'd Three Stories high.

Brace. *I hate this Coat, this Maſculine Hat too here,*
Theſe Breeches, and the other things I wear,

Monf. *Not all things, Madam, now y'are too ſevere*
When the Diſguiſe, no lewdneſs does expoſe:
Breeches, as Modeſtly themſelves diſcloſe,
As Petticoat that reaches to your Toes.

Brace. *Let all looſe Dreſſes to looſe Minds belong,*
Men, nor their Garbs did e'er my Credit wrong.

Monf. *That's much faith having known the Stage ſo long,*
Well, we'll allow your Modeſty is Fam'd,
Come now, ——— the Prologue.

Brace. *Lord, I'm ſo aſham'd.*

Monf. *A Player, and aſham'd, that may be true.*

Brace. *You think ſure I'm as impudent as you.*

Monf. *No Child; you would not do then as you do;*
You would not loſe a Fortune for a Toy,
Nor frown nor bluſh whene'er you Act a Boy;
Or ſpeak a Prologue, *which you muſt do now,*
And to aſſiſt you ſee, I'll make your Bow. [Bows to the Audience.

Brace. *Well Gentlemen, ſince then do what I can,*
Spite of my ſelf, I muſt appear a Man:
Pray let me beg ye not to like me leſs
Than when you ſee me in my Maiden Dreſs;
And free from rigorous Cenſure this one day,
For my ſake ſpare the Poet and the Play,
For to ſpeak Truth in its incouragement,
There is a Plot, and ſome good Humor in't:
The Ladies too muſt needs approve the Matter,
Becauſe he puniſhes the Marriage-hater.
And if you bring good Humor, you ſhall Laugh,

Monf. *Why, that's well ſaid my Dear, and ſo let's off.* Exeunt.

A Scotch Song in the Third Act.

I.

Bonny Lad, pritbee lay thy Pipe down,
Tho' blith are thy Notes, they have now no power;
Whilst my Joy my dear Peggy *is gone,*
And Wedded quite fro me will Love no more.
My gud Friends that do ken my grief,
With Songs and Stories, a Cure would find:
But alas, they can bring no relief,
For Peggy *still runs in my mind.*

II.

When I Visit the Park or the Play,
They aw without Peggy, *a Desart seem,*
She's before my Eyes aw the Day,
And aw the long Night too, she haunts my Dream.
Sometime fancying a Heaven of Charms,
I wake, and Rob'd of my dear delight,
Find she Lies in another's Arms:
Ah then 'tis she kills me outright.

III.

Take my Counsel aw you that love well,
Bestow Love and Wit on a Girl of Sense:
No such Blessing to Peggy *befel,*
'Twas Ignorance caus'd her absurd offence.
She could pray with an humble face,
And look as she never false could be:
But had she own'd either Wit or Grace,
She never had Wedded fro me.

To the Illuſtrious and Truly Noble Prince, *JAMES*, Duke, Marqueſs, and Earl of *Ormond* in *England* and *Ireland*; Earl of *Oſſory*, and Viſcount *Thurles*; Baron of *Arclo*; Lord of the Regallities and Liberties of the County of *Tiperary*; Baron of *Lanthony*; Earl of *Brecknock*; Chancellor of the Univerſity of *Oxford*; one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber to His Sacred Majeſty, and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

May it Pleaſe Your Grace,

WHEN firſt my Propitious or Malignant Stars Influenc'd the little Genius I now pretend to in Poetry, the Incouragement I had from your Noble Grandfather (whoſe Extraordinary Judgment in the Beauties of that Art, as well as Generous Candour in Excuſing the Errours of it, render'd him beſt capable of being a Patron) ingag'd me to Launch my ill ballaſs'd Bark into an Ocean where moſt of our Tribe too late find themſelves becalm'd with uncertain Applauſe, or elſe wrack'd in the ſtorm of ill-natur'd Criticiſm. Yet had that Illuſtrious Hero's Commands ſuch an Auguſt Prerogative over me, that knowing my Fame ſufficiently Eſtabliſh'd in his Applauſe, ſucceſsful enough I ventur'd on, 'till his never to be forgotten loſs to all in General, made me too ſadly deplore my own in particular.

How Charming a thing is Dignity, when adorn'd with the glittering Crown of Sence, and the humble Robe of Humility: The Great Ormond *was bleſt with both, in perfection; and not only a true Judge and Generous Patron of Arts and Sciences, but modeſtly familiar with Virtue, tho' in Rags; never ſlighting the poor Scholar for his Thread-bare Coat, nor pleas'd with the vain outſide of an Embroyder'd Fopp, whoſe inſide he knew to be unfurniſh'd.*

I infer this, as lamenting the ill fortune of Poets, that are not bleſs'd with a Friendly Party, or a Judicious Patron, whoſe allow'd Underſtanding, as well as generous good Nature can defend their Works from Malicious Cenſurers; the Time's Vices will bear no Reflection, and let the Play *be never ſo juſt to the Rules, if a* Rott me Spark *finds himſelf hit, or Madam* La Pupſey *takes the hint that her dear* Lap-Dog *is expos'd, the Labour it ſelf is*

like

like to be the Poet's only Reward: modeſt Reproof is taken for abſurd Abuſe, and honeſt Satyr for Dogmatick Slaunder.

And though Horace, *Reflecting upon ſuch as are blind to their own Vices in his time, had Courage enough to dare to tell 'em,* Stultus, & Improbus, hic Amor eſt dignuſque notari. *Yet had he liv'd in this Age, and in ſome Satyrical Piece had dar'd to expoſe a* Mænius, *&c. without a* Mæcenas *to Protect it, his Merit tho' never ſo Extraordinary, or Fancy or Stile were it never ſo pure, would all be too weak to defend it againſt the Critical Party, that found themſelves Concern'd.*

This I muſt humbly inform your Grace, I mean as to the General ſtate of Satyrical Poets, without any reflection upon my own; the enſuing Scenes being deſign'd for diverſion, and more proper to oblige an Audience to ſmile than frown; and tho' ſome perhaps, being affected with ill Humours, might pick out ſomething to diſlike, they generouſly agreed to incourage my Profit; and thoſe that found themſelves pleas'd, I thank my Stars, ſtill far exceeded the others in number.

Having at laſt ſo well acquitted it ſelf on the Stage (tho' the thronging, imperfect Action, and worſe than all, the faulty length, which I will never be guilty of again, render'd it little Diverſion the firſt day) I confeſs, I could not ſtifle my Ambition of deſiring this honour of your Graces Patronage, and as I have already always found a true Mæcenas *in your Illuſtrious Family: You, by a free and eaſie grant of ſo great a favour, an endearing ſweetneſs in Behaviour, and Graceful Condeſcenſion, have ſo added to my heap of Obligations, that I am diſabled by exceſs to inſtruct my Pen my heart's gratefulSentiments.*

All Praiſe is too low, when it approaches to your Graces Character; to ſay you are adorn'd with the Graceful Humility, Eternal Honour, and Wiſdom of your admir'd Grandfather; the Merit, Loyalty, and unequal Bravery of your Martial Father, whoſe loſs our Bleeding Country has never yet recover'd, is Praiſe indeed, but ſcarce aſpiring to your Deſert; your Glorious Campaign with his Sacred Majeſty, and all your other Actions, during this Reign, ſufficiently ſounding your Applauſe, and engaging every true Engliſhman, not only to Love, but Admire; amongſt the Crow'd of which, I think it my greateſt Honour to be Ranked, eſteeming no good Fortune greater than to be allow'd,

My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's Moſt Humble,
Devoted, and
Obedient Servant,

T. D'URFEY.

A

LETTER

TO

Mr. *D' URFEY,*

Occaſion'd by his PLAY

Called the

Marriage-Hater Match'd.

Dear Friend,

I AM ſenſible the World will eſteem a *Friend* too Partial a Judge of the performance of a *Friend*, yet ſince I am ſatisfied that I can diveſt my ſelf of all prejudice againſt the writings of even an Enemy, and allow him that praiſe which Juſtice requires; I think I may with the greater aſſurance ſay, that I will give no more favourable Cenſure on this Play of yours, than the ſevereſt *Critick* ought, if he but regulate himſelf according to the merits of the Cauſe, and will let Reaſon, and the Rules of Art weigh more with him, than the unaccountable Railings of ſome of your Enemies, or the ungenerous malice of others; who, becauſe they have attempted the Province of Comedy with leſs ſucceſs, think to regain their Credit by Damning every one that has the Art of Pleaſing beyond them; and ſince they cannot arrive to the Excellence of the Old Way of writing, would advance a new one of their own production, adapted to their *undeſigning* Genius.

But that which is the moſt ſtrange is, that ſome of our Criticks, like Jugglers, ſtare us in the face, and Palm upon us their own fancy for the Opinion and Practices of the Ancients, and perſwade us that a *Bundle of Diologues* was all that was ever required to the framing a good *Play*; and that *Terence* had no other Excellence but the neatneſs of *Phraſe*. Either they never read that *Poet* themſelves, or ſuppoſe no body elſe did; otherwiſe I cannot imagine how they can maintain ſo groſs a falſity, which may ſo eaſily be contradicted, by a ſhort view of the Plots of his Comedies: I will begin with his firſt, called *Andria*.

Pamphilus *the Son of* Simo, *debauches* Glycerium *the ſuppoſed Siſter of* Chryſis *(a Native of the Iſland of* Andros*) ſhe proves with Child, and he infinitely en-*

amour'd

amour'd of her, promiſes her Marriage, with a full Reſolution to be as good as his word; but Chremes *won with the good Character and Parts of* Pamphilus, *propoſes his Daughter* Phileumena, *for his Wife to* Simo; *the Old Men agree, and ſettle the Preliminaries; the Wedding day approaches, but the death of* Chryſis *the ſuppoſed Siſter of* Glycerium *intervenes*, Pamphilus, Simo, *and others being at the Funeral,* Glycerium *diſtracted with grief, had flung her ſelf in the* Burning-Pile, *had not her Lover* Pamphilus *run to her reſcue; but he with ſuch ardour embrac'd and comforted her, that the Old Gentleman his Father, and the reſt of the Spectators had ſhrew'd ſuſpicions that his Care of her proceeded from ill diſguis'd Love;* Chremes *with a great deal of indignation breaks off the Match; but* Simo, *willing to find out the truth of the matter, conceals it from his Son, aſſuring him he muſt prepare to be immediately Marry'd.* Pamphilus *is at a great loſs what to do, 'till his Servant* Davus *perſwades him to diſſemble a ſeeming readineſs to comply with his Father's will; but this Pollicy of* Davus *had like to have ſpoil'd all, for on his Son's Compliance,* Simo *ſoon pacifies* Chremes, *and ſo ſet the Wedding on foot again, which* Pamphilus *finding no way to obſtruct,* Davus *takes care to have the Child of* Glycerium *by* Pamphilus *expos'd to the view and knowledge of* Chremes; *who, upon that, once more in a great fury breaks off the match; but after a great deal of diſturbance, all ſettles in quiet, to the content of all Parties. For* Crito *the next akin to* Chryſis, *arrives at* Athens, *to take poſſeſſion of her Goods as her lawful Heir, and diſcovers* Glycerium *to be* Paſibula, *the Daughter of* Chremes, *who overjoy'd at the diſcovery, gives her to* Pamphilus *for Wife, and* Philumena *to* Charinus, *who had long been in love with her, and who makes another Perſon in the Play.*

To have given a larger Argument of this Comedy, wou'd have been too tedious, ſince here is enough to ſatisfie any one that *Terence* had ſomething elſe in his eye, beſides the purity of his Language; otherwiſe *Horace* had with ſmall reaſon given him, in his firſt Epiſtle of his ſecond Book to *Auguſtus*, the diſtinctive Character, that his exellence lay in his *Art.*

Plautus ad exemplar ſiculi properare Epicarmi,
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate Terentius Arte.

I may ſpare the pains of taking notice of his *Eunuch*, or *Adelphi*, ſince the Town has ſeen them both, under the names of *Bellamira*, and the Squire of *Alſatia*. In his *Heautontimorumenos*, the ſeveral Deſigns of *Chremes* on *Menedemus*, and *Syrus* on both; the Diſcovery of *Antiphila* to be the Daughter of *Chremes*, and *Soſtrata*, the Plot and Contrivance of *Syrus* to get the Money for *Bacchis*, and the diſapointment of all theſe Deſigns, juſt when almoſt brought to perfection, will ſhew, that none that ever read him cou'd in juſtice ſay he had no Plot or Intrigue in his Plays: Nay, his *Hecyra*, which is ſaid to have met with but little applauſe, and is doubted by ſome as ſpurious, is not without a good Plot, and ſeveral turns. But it would be ſuperfluous to run through all particulars of this, and the other of *Phormio*, ſince by what is already ſaid, there is nothing ſo evident, as that *Terence* took care of Plot as well as words, and was not leſs skil'd in the *Protaſis*, *Epiſtatis*, *Cataſtaſis*, and *Cataſtrophe*, than in the Dialogue, or Diſcourſe.

But were it true, that *Terence* wanted this perfection, as they wou'd have it, yet

yet I can ſee no reaſon but that this Excellence ſhould be valu'd; for the end of Comedy, being for Pleaſure, as well as Inſtruction; that certainly which contributes moſt to the firſt, without prejudice to the latter, muſt be acknowledged an accompliſhment not to be ſlighted. For the ſeveral neat turns of a Play keep the minds of the Auditory employ'd with expectation, hope, and deſire, which all end in ſatisfaction, at the concluſion or unravelling of the Plot. But let the Moral or Inſtructive part be never ſo well writ, the Language never ſo fine, yet if the Action goes on without any Plot to divert us, we ſee through all at firſt ſight, and grow weary before the Play is half done, for it gratifies none of our Paſſions, without which there can be no pleaſure.

By what has been ſaid, will appear that you, Sir, keep up to the noble Standard of the Antients, and tho' it be one of the greateſt and moſt difficult parts of the hard task of a Comick Poet, yet you have always been very fortunate in it, eſpecially in this laſt Comedy of yours, called the *Marriage-Hater Match'd*. I muſt needs ſay I think it is your beſt, and far beyond that of the *Boarding School*; the turns are ſo ſurprizing, and natural, that I may ſay without flattery, 'tis not in the power of any Perſon to out-do them. The wit of Sir *Philip* and the Widow, like ſprightly Blood in youthful Veins, runs through the whole Play, giving it a noble and vigorous Life; you have farther obſerv'd that *decorum* of Poetick Juſtice, in making Sir *Philip* be caught in his own Plot, to deceive another, and marry her, who had ſo well merited him, as *Phœbe*, alias *Lovewell*, who made a very pretty Figure on the Stage. Such a variety of Humours and Characters I have ſeldom ſeen in one Play; and thoſe ſo truly drawn, that they all look like principal Parts; and that which is more, they are all *New*, and ſo worthy obſervation, that indeed I admire the humour of Madam *La Pupſey* has been ſo long neglected, ſince grown to ſo general a cuſtom, that the Lap-Dog takes up all the thoughts of the fair Sex, whilſt the faithful Lover ſighs in vain, and at a diſtance unregarded; This was an uſurpation on our Prerogative, and had been born too long. The humour of *Van Grin* is new, and not ſo unpleaſant, but that it deſerves to be more taken notice of, being very material to ſet off the reſt.

Then the Skittiſhneſs of Miſs *Margery*, and the freakiſhneſs of *Berenice*, are faults too general not to be expoſed; beſides, who is there ſo wedded to Melancholy, like the Son of the Emperour *Philip* the Firſt, but muſt give way to Laughter, to ſee the pleaſant Humour of *Bias*, and the extraordinary diverſion of *Solon*.

I am ſenſible that *Callow* was ſo like the life, that the *Rot me* Sparks openly declar'd their diſſatisfaction at the Satyr: but 'tis a ſign it hit them, when they complain of the wound. 'Tis a baſe and ill-natur'd, as well as ignorant Age of Criticiſm, when the Vertues of a *Play* ſhall be Arraigned as Defects; for if theſe Gentlemen underſtood either the Original, or end of *Comedy*, they wou'd never quarrel with the Satyr of it, ſince from it's beginning 'twas deſign'd to correct Vice, and Folly, by expoſing them.

Little had the Poetick harmony of *Orpheus* contributed to the benefit of Mankind, by calling the Humane Salvages from their rude way of living, to Society, if *Comedy* had not come in to reform thoſe abuſes which grew from Converſation; Neceſſity indeed was its Mother, for the Follies and Vices of

the City as well as the Country, grew beyond all other Redreſs, which made the country People (to whom we owe too the Beucolic Poetry) when they Celebrated their Feſtivals to *Apollo Nomius*, for the preſervation of the Fruits and Products of the Earth, in Songs and *Madrigals* recriminate on thoſe that had abus'd them: From this beginning, they made another ſtep, and in the night time they frequently entred the City, and expos'd ſuch of the more Opulent and Remarkable Citizens, as by their Vanities or Oppreſſions had render'd themſelves juſtly odious; here they proceeded to a particular enumeration of the wrongs they had receiv'd, and the ills which they had ſuffer'd under. The *Magiſtrates* and Government obſerving that this Courſe was more Powerful than the Laws for the reſtraining of Vice, and that the fear of the loſs of their Reputation, kept thoſe from ill, that cou'd perhaps evade the Penalties of the Laws by Money, or Favour; granted a formal Licenſe for the performing this in the day time in Verſe, from thence *Comedy* immediately derives it ſelf, which at firſt, like our *Lampoons*, fear'd not to mention the very names of thoſe it wou'd expoſe. *Cratinus* was the firſt that divided into diſtinct Parts, or Acts; and *Ariſtophanes* brought it to a more Regular and Compleat Form; the liberty and bold aſſurance of this firſt ſtate of *Comedy*, *Horace* in his Fourth Satyr of his firſt Book, ſhews us in theſe Five Verſes.

Eupolis, atque Cratinus, Ariſtophaneſque Poetæ
Atque alii quorum Comœdia Priſca virorum eſt,
Si quis erat dignus deſcribi, quod Malus aut fur
Quod Mœchus *foret, aut* Sicarius, *aut alioqui*
Famoſus, multâ cum libertate notabant.

But the Thirty Tyrants of *Athens* being themſelves ſo guilty of all manner of Vices, thought they cou'd not better ſecure themſelves in the practice of them, than to gain a Liberty for others to come in for their ſhare, that by the multitude of Offenders, they might be the leſs obſerved; but they knew no way to effect their deſire, but by taking away this Liberty of *Comedy*, which kept the Citizens in awe, and within the bounds of Juſtice; wherefore they eſtabliſh'd a Law, that any one that ſhould find himſelf expos'd on the Stage, might ſue for Satisfaction. This pleas'd the Wealthy ones ſo well, that after Expulſion of theſe Uſurpers, *Athens* preſerv'd this Sanction which ſo much indulged their inclinations; ſo that from this time the *Chorus* was left off in *Comedies*, for in that chiefly were names of particular Perſons, with their Crimes recited. *Horace* ſeems to approve of this Alteration, in theſe words,

Succeſſit vetus his Comœdia non ſine multâ
Laude, ſed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi; *lex eſt accepta Choruſq;*
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.

But ſtill the Buſineſs of *Comedy* was to expoſe the general Vices and Follies of the Age, under feign'd Names: So that to except againſt your Play, for the Satyr of it only, ſhews your Enemies are wretchedly put to't to find a real fault in't, when they condemn that which is an Excellence, without which, the

Poet

Poet gains but half his point, losing the Utile, which is an essential part of his Design and Duty.

But if you cou'd meet with generous Enemies, they would forgive those Errors their quicker sight might discover, for the Beauties and delightful Entertainment of the Lyrick part, the Songs I mean, in which I think there is none will (I am sure none ought to) dispute your Title to the Preheminence.

If there be any fault in this Play, 'tis that which few are guilty of; that is, there are too many good Characters, too full of Humour, a very pardonable failing, which only proceeds from Variety, the life of Pleasure and Wit, tho' that gave it the disadvantage of seeming too long the first days Acting, tho' the Stage's being throng'd with Spectators, did not a little contribute to the imperfect Acting of it, which accidental Misfortunes concurring with the Endeavours of an opposite Faction, must needs have damn'd it, had it not by the Force and Vigour of it's own Worth, rais'd it self the second day with the general Applause of all that saw it. *Horace* thinks it a sufficient proof of a good Poem, if it will bear a second view;

Hæc placuit semel, hæc bis repetita placebit.

But the *Marriage-Hater* went further, and in spight of all the disadvantages it labour'd under of Action and Audience, pleas'd on, after several times Repetition, and will as long as *Wit*, *Humour*, and *Plot* shall be esteem'd as necessary Materials to compose a good Play. Which have given me so great a Satisfaction both in Reading and Seeing, that I must beg you, to give me leave, to attest it to the World,

Who am,

Your Friend, and Humblest Servant,

CHARLES GILDON.

The

The NAMES and CHARACTERS.

L. Brainless. A Pert, Noisy, Impertinent Boy, always thrusting himself into th Ladies company, and receiv'd for his Treats, and the diversion his Folly gives; a great Admirer of *La Pupsey*, and Jealous of her Lap-dog: Acted by Mr. *Bowman*.

***Sir* Philip Freewit.** A wild witty Gent. of the Town, who being Jilted by Lady *Subtle*, whom he once Loved, professes himself a *Marriage-Hater*: Acted by Mr. *Monfort*.

***Sir* Lawr. Limbber.** A peevish, old fashion'd Courtier, ridiculously Indulgent and Fond of the too Fools his Sons: Acted by Mr *Sandford*.

***Capt.* Dare-well.** An honest blunt Sea Captain, true to his Country's Interest, and the Government: Acted by Mr. *Hodson*.

***Myn Here* Van Grin.** A Clownish fat Flanderkin, always laughing at what he says himself, and believing it a Jest, tho' never such Nonsence: Acted by Mr. *Leigh*.

Bias. Eldest Son to Sir *Lawrence*, a blunt rude Booby, saucy with Women; and tho' despis'd by 'em, very opinionated of his own Merit: Acted by Mr. *Bright*.

Solon. Youngest Son to Sir *Lawrence*, a dull softly Fool, till vex'd, but then Robustly stout and fearless of Danger: Acted by Mr. *Dogget*.

Callow. A Rascally Lieutenant, disaffected to the Government, tho' he has taken a Commission to serve it; a Fellow of no Principles, and always ending every Paragraph of his Discourse with an Oath or a Curse: Acted by Mr. *Bowen*.

MacBuffle.——An ignorant Irishman, Servant to Sir *Philip*: Acted by Mr. *Trefuse*.

Thummum——A Toping Parson, Brother to *Mac Buffle*; by Mr *Smeaton*.

Splutter. A Cunning Tricking Lawyer, a Creature of Lady *Subtles*.——Acted by Mr. *Colly*.

WOMEN.

***Lady* Subtle.** A Proud, high Spirited Widow, who thinking her self affronted by Sir *Philip*, by his Intrigue with *Phœbe*, tho' she had ingag'd to Marry him, breaks off all, and takes another. Acted by Mrs. *Barry*.

***Lady* Bumfiddle.** A Prating, Matchmaking, Eating, Impertinent Creature, visiting every one for the sake of a good Dinner, and always teizing 'em with fulsom stories of the Intriegues about the Town: Acted by Mrs. *Cory*.

Phœbe, *alias* Lovewell. A Pretty Innocent, well-natur'd Creature, who being in Love with Sir *Philip*, and debauch'd by him upon his promise of Marriage, puts her self into Boys Clothes, and manages his business against the Widow, underhand: Acted by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Berenice. A witty Sister to Lady *Subtle*, a Brisk, Humorous, Freakish Creature, who tho' She is in Love with Captain *Darewel*, is always teizing and playing tricks with him to know his Temper: Acted by Mrs. *Lassels*.

La Pupsey An Impertinent Creature, always stuffing her discourse with hard words, and perpetually kissing and talking to her Lap-Dog: Acted by Mrs. *Butler*.

Margery. Daughter to Sir *Lawrence*, a Lisping, Raw, Ignorant Skittish Creature, Modest before Company, but otherwise awkerdly Confident: Acted by Mrs. *Lawson*.

Commode.——Woman to *Berenice*. **Primwell.**——Woman to Lady *Subtle*.

Singers, Masquers, Drawers, Footmen, and Attendants.

SCENE *The Park near* Kensington. *The Space, Thirty Hours.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Philip *and* Lovewell.

Sir *Phil.* GOod Morrow to my ſweet Contriver, thou dear Life-blood of my Deſign, how goes our Buſineſs forward?

Love. Why juſt like that of a needy Client, who has a knotty Cauſe and no Fee to give, the Stars we us'd to brag of, Sir *Philip*, have fail'd us in this Juncture, damnably.

Sir *Phil.* Black Clouds, and Fogs of rank envenom'd Fenns, eclipſe 'em for't, I ſay, but prithee, my little Engineer, how have they fail'd? hah, what has this Devil of a Widow over-reach'd us agen, are the writings come from *Hambourgh?*

Love. Moſt certainly, and by another Hand than we expected.

Sir *Phil.* Another Hand, who, prithee?

Love. Why, by what I could diſcover by the glimpſe I had of him, and by liſtning in the next Room, I find him to be a Man of more Bulk than Brain; in-ſhort, a Swagbelly'd Flanderkin, a Nephew to our old Knight, Sir *Lawrence*, in Quality of Fortune recompens'd with Fifteen hundred a Year, but in the Quality of Brain and Sence, nothing; a very devil of a Lover, as indeed all that Nation are; and yet I find, for all that, the Blockhead comes hither a wooing.

Sir *Phil.* And ſo this Blockhead, with a Pox to him, has fruſtrated all our Wit, hah.

Love. It ſeems ſo, for the Widdow has been ſo alarm'd with the loſs of the Three thouſand pounds worth of Jewels, which you by my induſtry have lately got from her; that ſhe has cunningly prevented our Deſign upon the Writings, and ſo underhand, order'd this Nephew, who you muſt know, has a deſign upon her Perſon, to ſecure 'em from you, and bring 'em over, he hapening to lodge in the very Houſe where her Husband, Sir *Solomon* dy'd.

Sir *Phil.* 'Tis always ſo; put a Trick upon any Widow, that do's not return it e're a Twelve-month ends, and you may conclude the Devil's grown weary with Obliging her Tribe, quite tir'd with the croud of their intollerable Miſchiefs. Prithee what's to be done?——S'death, muſt I loſe an Eſtate of Seventy thouſand Duckets ſo ridiculouſly?

Love. Was your deceas'd Friend real to ye? are you ſure there's no flaw in the Will? Pray tell me the ſtory once more; I ought to have that repeated once a day, to refreſh my Brain for the more ſubtle contriving.

Sir *Phil.* With all my Heart, to begin then, as I told thee before, Sir *Solomon Subtle* being my boſom intimate and intire Friend, going, about two Years ſince, with me, to viſit this beautiful Devil, my then Miſtreſs, fell ſo deſperately in Love with her, that his ſtrange diſquiets were every day more and more viſible to me; I knew his Generoſity and Love to me, made him diſguiſe it as well as he could, but falling ſick, at laſt was forc'd to own it; you may gueſs how I was puzled in the buſineſs, much to my love was due, and much to my Friend, till at laſt, reſolv'd to help him as much as in reaſon I could, I urg'd to him this friendly

Propoſal

Propoſal, that he ſhould have a Months time fairly to ſolicit her, at the end of which, he that ſhe choſe ſhould marry her, whilſt the unfortunate, refus'd, diſpos'd himſelf to Travel; he as he had great reaſon, giving me a world of Thanks, conſents,, and fits himſelf againſt the time of tryal.

Love. This was a ſtrange proof of Friendſhip, I confeſs.

Sir *Phil.* 'Twas ſo, and done meerly to ſave his Life, that when refus'd, Travel, might eaſe his Sorrows, for I confeſs I thought my ſelf ſecure, but ſee the Miſchief of a Woman's Nature; my Friend, that but a Month's ſhort ſpace had woo'd her, ſucceeds when I leaſt thought, by her free choice, and I who beſt deſerv'd, diſgrac'd and ſlighted.

Love. This was Levity indeed, and you may rail with Reaſon.———

Sir *Phil.* My Friend, Sir *Solomon*, upon this, according to Agreement, Marries her, and has in Portion Seventy thouſand Duckets, and afterwards in return of the generous Friendſhip I had ſhew'n him, publickly declar'd, That, dying without Iſſue, if I ſurviv'd, he would by Will bequeath his Wife and all her Fortune to me.

Love. A pretty kind of Legacy.

Sir *Phil.* He being of a weakly Conſtitution, in ſhort time after dyes at *Hambourgh*, as he was taking poſſeſſion of another Eſtate juſt left him by an Uncle there, for ſhe, a young freſh, buxom, active, *Bona Roba*, had ſo out-done him in the buſineſs Conjugal, that th'Soul unable to ſupply the Body, forc'd it ſelf out, to ſeek for reſt elſewhere.

Love. Oh, pray let that Buſineſs alone, and come to your own.

Sir *Phil.* In ſhort then, the Will was made as he had promis'd, and I nam'd joynt Executor with her, as I was credibly inform'd by a true Friend, that ſince unluckily was kill'd at Sea, who reported too, that I was left Heir to the other Eſtate given by his Uncle, ſo that I being Ignorant of any Witneſs, and without poſſeſſion of the Deeds, could never right my ſelf.

Love. But, pray what cauſe have you e're given the Widow to make her ſo Inveterate?

Sir *Phil.* Why, I gueſs the main and chiefeſt Cauſe is thy ſelf, thou knoweſt dear *Phœbe*.

Love. Lovewell, if you pleaſe, in this Habit, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Dear *Lovewell*, then, that ever ſince the Widows Jilting me, I've had a ſtrange Antipathy to Marriage, which (not my want of Love) has been the cauſe of my not doing thee the common Juſtice, in recompenſing that dear Virgin Treaſure thou gav'ſt up to my Arms.

Love. If I ſhould talk t'ye of my little Boy, now, 'twould ſet me a crying, and you'd but laugh at me.

Sir *Phil.* Well, let him alone then to his Rattle and Bells, and obſerve me; this Venial Ship of mine, the Widow, has been told of, and her proud Spirit finding my averſion to wear my Friend's old Boots, I mean, her ſelf, reſolves to balk me of my Executorſhip, and keep the Writings cloſe, tho' the late Jewels were by thy Wit, unknown to her, ſurpriz'd.

Love. I think that was ſubtly enough manag'd, to ſnap the Meſſenger with the Casket, juſt within ſight of the Lodging, and wheedle him to yours.

Sir *Phil.* 'Twas a Maſter-piece———and if thou canſt but get the Writings too.———

Love. You ſee I have plaid my part well too, to get my ſelf in this habit, into the Family, and Sir *Lawrence*'s favour, with pretending to be a Relation of her

her you had debauched, who was his Kinſwoman, this looks with a lucky face: What ſay ye, will ye be good and marry me, if I get what you deſire?

Sir *Phil.* Canſt thou doubt it? why then we ſhall have enough to make us eaſie, Child.

Love. Why then ſmile Fate, whilſt I my wit purſue,
For ſuch a Fortune, ſuch a Husband too,
What won't a Maid in my Condition do? *Exit.*

Sir *Phil.* Right, but we muſt have two words to the bargain for all that, Child: 'Tis a good natur'd loving Tit, and o' my Conſcience, the wittieſt Baggage that ever told a lie t' excuſe her Lover; her Father was an honeſt Country Parſon, the Offspring of which Sect, by the way I've obſerv'd, ſeldom or never fails to be good ones; and he had ſo cloy'd her with muſty Morals and lukewarm ſcraps from the old Patriarchs, a Diet ſo diſagreeable to a young Wenches Conſtitution, that ſhe, like a Gudgeon, ſnapt at my firſt Bait; nor was there need of a Hook, the Creature was ſo greedy: Well, if ſhe does trick this Widow, and get the Writings, ſhe will deſerve extreamly well of me; but Marriage is ſuch an unreaſonable reward for an Eſtate, that 'tis like giving a Man means to purchaſe variety of Delicates, and at the ſame time, obliging him to chaw upon one Rump of Beef all his life time.

Enter Darewell.

Dare. What, Sir *Philip*, my eyes dazle ſure, 'tis impoſſible!

Sir *Phil.* Hoh! my noble Man of War! welcome on Shoar, but why impoſſible, Friend? what wonders doſt thou find?

Dare. Thee in this place, the Park, ſo near the Air of *Kenſington*, and yonder place of Terrour the Widow's Lodgings.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, Sir, your Widow, like a Ship juſt return'd from a Sea fight, can do little or no hurt upon a ſecond Attack, ſhe has ſpent all her Artillery upon the firſt Engagement.

Dare. She rails at thee moſt dreadfully, and bluſhes through her Mourning when thou art but nam'd, as the Sun does through a Cloud when a Summer Shower is falling.

Sir *Phil.* Her Mourning? why has the Snake then battend in the skin of her Hypocriſie ſo long? and does the demure Peak oppreſs the Forehead ſtill? the Devil's in her; why this is quite contrary to a Widows Policy, ſhe ſhould have new waſh'd and furbiſh'd up the premiſes long before this for a new Comer; when the Bill ſtands too long upon the door, 'tis ſign the Tenement's not worth Letting.

Dare. Ha, ha, ha, I have heard of your Whoring too, Sir, ſhe has told us all within yonder.

Sir *Phil.* Ay, and would have told thee of her Husband's Cuckoldom too, as well, if ſhe had not a deſign to draw another into the nooſe.

Dare. No, a Pox on't, this is malice, all the World allow her to be virtuous.

Sir *Phil.* They allow her to be proud indeed, and conſequently ill natur'd, and reſerv'd, Virtue is a rank Cheat in moſt of the Sex, when once a Womans Pride promotes her Chaſtity, her Virtue is the greateſt Vice ſhe has.

Enter Callow *With a Letter.*

Dare. How now, Lieutenant, has's got an Anſwer?

Callow. Yes, Sir, and a pleaſant Story to tell you that belongs to't.

Dare. Speak ſoftly; another time for that, yonder's your Uncle.

Callow. Sir *Philip*, your moſt humble Servant. [Darewell *reads.*

Sir *Phil.* So Cozen, I ſee you're equipp'd well, your Commiſſion like your Scarf too ſit's cloſe t'ye, your Sword too of good dimenſion, but I am told your heart is looſe in th' hilts, and tho' you wear the King's name in your Pocket, you herd with thoſe that hate his Government.

Callow. Who I, Uncle? he's the Son of a Whore that told ye ſo, let me but know him, and rot me, I'll make him eat the Sword you ſpeak of; nay, not only the Sword, but the Hilt, the Knot, the Scabbard, the Chape, the Belt, and the Buckles, Broil me.

Sir *Phil.* And why that Rakehelly Cant of Rot me, Burn me, Broil me? Art thou afraid thou ſhalt not dye and be damn'd ſoon enough!

Callow. Cuſtom, faith Uncle, Cuſtom, beſides I think Rot me, Sink me, Burn me, Broil me, *&c.* are as pretty Tags to a Souldiers diſcourſe, that would be thought a brave Fellow, as odsniggs, and ſincerely, are for a Citizen that intends to cheat under the notion of the Pious; this is my opinion, Rot——O Lord, 'twas coming again.

Sir *Phil.* No, 'tis the Scoundrel Company you keep, ſuch as the young Fop Lord *Brainleſs*, then they ſay y'are always ſtewing at my fat Lady *Bumfiddle*'s, and ſo great an Admirer of that eternal Mill-clapper, Mrs. *La Pupſey*, that you pay Homage to her very Lap-dog.

Callow. Never rallied her but once in my life, ſink me——'twas a coming again: 'tis true, I've an honour for my Lady *Bumfiddle*, becauſe——

Sir *Phil.* Becauſe ſhe's the beſt Procurer in Town; huſh, not a word, leſt the Captain hear us, but look to't, for tho' as My Kinſman, I would not willingly ſee thee hang'd.

Callow. I humbly thank ye, Uncle.

Sir *Phil.* Yet, Sir, I'de cut your Throat, to ſave your Credit.

Callow. Wou'd ye ſo, Sir, I ſhould not thank ye very much for that tho, Rot me,——O Lord, there 'twas out.

Sir *Phil.* Well, my dear Captain, I can find by the fold of that Paper, the Shoar is like to engage thee ſometime here, and therefore thou haſt the more leaſure to tell me, what News abroad, how ſtands our Publick Affairs, bravely, hah?

Dare. As heart can wiſh, friend, the *Turk* will get no more ground in *Hungary*, the *French* King no more in *Flanders*, the *Sweed* will get nothing by his Neutrality, the *Iriſh* and *Scotch* make no more Rebellion; the *Engliſh* Fleet will no more ſtand out in Action, nor the *French* Victual themſelves again with our Mutton.

Sir *Phil.* Spoke like a true *Engliſh* heart of Oake, gad I ſee ſucceſs in thy very look, I'm ſure we ſhall beat 'em; but who are theſe coming down the walk yonder?

Dare. One of 'em is Sir *Lawrence Limber*, I'm ſure I know the Old Scoundrel by his Chollerick motion.

Callow. And 'tother his Nephew, newly come from *Hambourgh*, his Name they tell me is *Myn heer van Grinn*, and rot me, 'tis very well apply'd, for he does nothing but grin and make faces all the while he's talking, they ſay he's

Son

Son to a great Senator there, but he's a Blockhead for all that, ſink me.

Sir *Phil.* I muſt play the Bucket with him, and vaniſh when he appears, there's reaſon for't———Adieu, Friend, thou ſhalt know more another time. [*Exit Sir* Phil.

Enter Sir Lawrence, *and* Van Grinn.

Van Grinn. And ſo Uncle, as I was telling ye, ha, ha, ha, ha,———'tis a very good jeſt faith, the Widow, the Widow, ha, ha, ha, pray mind me Uncle, after I had ſhew'd her the Writings, which ſhe had ſuch a plaguy mind you muſt know to keep from this Sir *Philip*, what does ſhe do, ha, ha, ha, ha, 'tis a very good jeſt faith, what does ſhe do Uncle, but brings me down into the Parlor.

Sir *Lawr.* Well, what then———where's the jeſt of that? [*Peeviſhly.*

Van Grinn. Why I'll tell ye, ha, ha, ha, if you'll have but patience, 'tis a very good jeſt faith, taking me there into a Corner, after I had bruſh'd her o're the Lips with a Flemiſh buſs or ſo, ha, ha, ha,——Sir, ſays ſhe, with a low Courteſie, you're welcome to *England*, d'ye mind me, Uncle? ha, ha, ha, 'tis a very good jeſt, faith.

Sir *Lawr.* 'Oons let's hear it, 'tis very long a coming, prithee let's hear this jeſt.

Van Grinn. Why preſently, Lord what haſte you're in, 'dsfiſh d'ye think a jeſt like an Old Man's Marriage, is done without Conſideration; ha, ha, ha, there I was with the Old Scoundrel ſharp, faith and troth.

Sir *Lawr.* Oh Pox, nay if you expect I'll ſtay for't 'till the Sun ſets, good buy t'ye, your Servant Captain *Darewell.*

Dare. Sir *Lawrence* I am yours.

Van Grinn. Why here 'tis then, come the Captain ſhall hear too, ha, ha, ha, ha, 'tis a very good one faith, I muſt deſire ye, Sir, ſays ſhe, to conveigh the Writings, d'ye mind me Uncle? to Mr. *Splutters* my Husband's Councellor, to ſuperviſe them, ha, ha, ha, for ſays ſhe (mind me) Uncle, you that were employ'd by my Husband, are moſt fit to be intruſted by me your humble Servant.

Sir *Lawr.* A Plague, and what of all this, the jeſt, the jeſt Man!

Van Grinn. The jeſt, Why I've a deſign to marry her, ye old Skellum, (Old Gent. I mean) and to ſave me the trouble of Courting, ſhe meets me half way, and, tho' a Widow, truſts me with her Writings, ha, ha, ha, ha, is not that a plaguey ſign, faith and troth?

Sir *Lawr.* Not of a jeſt, by the Parliament, tho' I have been waiting an hour for't.

Van Grinn. Of her Love, man, there's the jeſt, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Lawr.* Ah! the *Low-Country* Fogs choak thee for a dull Rogue, love thee, hark'e——ſhe neither loves thee one jot, nor is there any jeſt in't at all, by the Parliament.

Van Grinn. No jeſt! that's a good one, faith, ha, ha, ha, what ſay you Captain, no jeſt?

Dare. I am expecting, Sir, I have ſet my face this half hour.

Van Grinn. Expecting, the jeſt is flown to *Pernaſſus* top by this time, ha, ha, ha; pray Sir, what's your Opinion? [*To* Callow.

Callow. I have not ſeen the glimps of a Jeſt to day, Rot me.

Sir *Lawr.* Unleſs grinning, gaping, and making of Sarrazen-faces be a Jeſt,

Captain will you believe me, I ſwear by the Parliament, you know my Oath when I'm ſerious, but that I knew his Father who was my Brother, I ſhould believe that his Mother was intimate with ſome Baboon, and he were the effect of her unnatural Conception.

Darew. A merry Man, Sir *Lawrence*, I ſee he's always in humour.

Sir *Law.* Merry, a pox on him, he is not merry neither; 'tis true, one would think that when a Man laughs he ſhould be merry, but 'tis otherwiſe with him, for this Fool ſhall grin at any thing, and as much when he is Cudgel'd, as when he is Complemented———the leaſt trifle will do it, as for Example now. [*Pulls off his Peruke, puts on Spectacles, and ſhakes his head.*

Vann Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha———very good jeſt I faith, Captain, look upon my Uncle's bald pate there, and the Spectacles, ah poor Nuncle, halloo, halloo, halloo, there went the Hair away, ha, ha, ha.

Darew. Ah the Devil take thee, what a Damn'd pun the Rogue has found out?

Callow. Broil me, the Old fellow looks very Comically, but I won't laugh, becauſe he has a Rich young fool to his Daughter, that I've a Deſign upon.

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Gives him a Patt.*

Sir *Law.* D'ye ſee Captain, a ſenceleſs Rogue, d'ye mind him, an ignorant Puppy, to ſtand grinning all this while at the Honourable Emblem of Age and Experience—and to dare to be ſaucy with me too, I've no more patience, I'll Cudgel him. [Darewell *interpoſes.* Captain ſtand by a little, and you ſhall ſee me break three of his Ribs, I'll do't, by the Parliament, I'm ſerious.

Darew. Oh, you muſt not ſtrike here, Sir *Lawrence*, 'tis too near the Court, and will look like ill manners.

Sir *Law.* 'Odſo, y'are in the right, troth Captain, I have been a Courtier this Fifty years, and never wag'd my Finger out of order yet, but I'll manage you another way, friend—You get a Widow with that Flanderkin Owls Phiz? No fool, my two Sons come to Town to day from *Shrewsbury*, *Bias* and *Solon*, *Bias* can tickle up a Widow as ſhe ought, he ſhall have her I'm reſolv'd on't, by the Parliament he ſhall, I'm ſerious.

Darew. Now by this Oath of his can't I perceive whether this Old Sarab be for Monarchy, or the Comonwealth.

Callow. Oh broil him, for Monarchy without doubt, you heard him ſay he has been an Old Courtier.

Darew. That I had forgot, indeed.

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha——So Uncle, you ſay your Son *Bias* ſhall carry the Widow, a very good jeſt faith, but that's as ſhe and I ſhall agree Uncle; the Widow has already ſome feeling knowledge of my parts, ſhe has Uncle, ha, ha, ha, good agen, ſhe knows what's what Uncle——the difference between a ſtrong portly able Fellow fit for Service, ha, ha, ha; and a weakly Conſumptive Puny Shrimp, fit for nothing but to make Sauce of, ha, ha, ha, ha; ſo that if *Bias* is not for her turn Uncle, I hope another may that's better lik'd, tho' *Bias* were as wiſe as his Nameſake, the Philoſopher of———ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Law.* D'ye ſee, Captain, he's at it ſtill, on my Conſcience the Rogue will grin if he was at the Reſurrection.

Enter Lovewell.

Darew. Oh no, the Fatigue of Dooms-day will make him ſerious, I warrant ye.

Sir *Law.*

Sir *Law.* How now *Lovewell*, who would you ſpeak with ?

Love. Sir I come to tell ye that the two young Gentlemen your Sons are arriv'd, and being inform'd by me that you were walk'd into the Park, are coming yonder to meet ye.

Sir *Law.* Are they come, that's well, now Captain pray obſerve my Son *Solon*, my Son *Bias* is the Elder, 'tis true, a pretty brisk Blade, but my Son *Solon* has a head fit for a Stateſman, ſollid, ſollid, *Solon*'s a prodigious Fellow.

Darew. There's ſome wonderful vertue in this *Solon* ſure.

Callow. I'll hold any man a *Dutch* Ducket he's a Coxcomb, ſink me.

Sir *Law.* Now Buffle look to your ſelf, here's one coming will quickly put your Noſe out of joynt with the Widow I warrant ye [*To* Van Grinn.

Van Grinn. What, while ſhe truſts me with her Writings, that's a very good jeſt faith, ha, ha, ha.

Love. Truſt him with the Writings, that's well, this was a lucky diſcovery, and I'll manage it accordingly, you ſhall have more Waiters than you expect, my jolly Flanderkin. [*Aſide.*

But no more of this at preſent, here comes the other brace of Boobies.

[*Enter* Solon, *and* Bias *with a Patch on's face, they ask* Bleſſing.]

Sir *Law.* Bleſs ye, bleſs ye, y'are welcome to Town, but what's the matter Son *Bias* ? What ailes your Face ?

Darew. Has the Gentleman bin in ſome Quarrel ?

Bias. That's no matter, let it be as it will, ſome body ſhall find he has more than no body to deal with, my Brother *Solon*, can tell you more, a Jeſt is but a Jeſt, and every Body is free in the King's High-way, and if I did kiſs her, 'twas no more than ſhe deſerv'd, and every Gentleman might do, my Brother *Solon* can tell you more.

Van Grinn. A very good Jeſt faith; ſee how *Solon* looks, ha, ha, ha, Dam him, I knew he muſt be a Coxcomb.

Sir *Law.* What have you been in a Scuffle, ſince you came to Town? how came your Brother's head broke, *Solon* ?

Solon. Why, truly Father, my Brother *Bias* was, as one may ſay, ſomewhat ſaucy with a Centry that belong'd to that great Houſe yonder.

Sir *Law.* 'Slife the Court, my heart trembles within me, well, go on, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Solon. There came by a young Woman, you muſt know, with a Basket of Straw-berries, a fring'd lac'd cocking, topping, rowzy, frowzy young Woman, as a Man may ſay, and as I told you before, with a Basket of Straw-berries.

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha,——I'll put in and interrupt him, ſo Couſin *Solon*, and what then——a very good Jeſt faith, as a Man may ſay.

Solon. Why, if ye are my Couſin, that may be, but I did not indeed tell my Tale to you, I'm talking to my Father, as a Man may ſay.

Bias. You need not be ſo curious in the matter, let things go as they will, 'tis but a head broke, and I've had as much at Cudgels a hundred times before now, why what a-do's here, my brother *Solon* can tell you more.

Darew. 'Sdeath, theſe brace of Fools, are more nauſeous than 'tother, I'm ſick of 'em already.

Sir *Law.* Heart and Lungs, why doſt not go on *Solon* ? I'm afraid, Captain, the raſh Boy, has affronted ſome Quality or other about the Court, which, by the Parliament

liament, I would not he ſhould for a thouſand Pound, I'me ſerious.

Solon. In ſhort, then, my Brother *Bias* would have gone into that great Houſe with his Boots on, at which the Centry ſtops him, at which the young Woman laughs, de'e laugh, ſays *Bias*, I'le buſs ye for that i'ſackins.

Sir *Law.* Mettle to the back, Captain, juſt ſo was I my ſelf, in my young days, juſt ſo in troth.

Solon. So *Bias* buſs'd her whether ſhe would or no, and I vow, and ſwear, I had a huge mind to be at her my ſelf, for 'twas a curious fine Woman, and had the ſofteſt, whiteſt Neck, as a Man may ſay.

Van Grinn. Why, well ſaid *Solon*, gramercy *Solon*, *Solon*'s a plaguy Dog at a Wench, I warrant him, ha, ha.

Bias. Nay, ſhe need not have ſquauld and ſqueak'd at that rate, as if ſhe had been Raviſh'd, 'twas no ſuch ſtrange matter to her, for I heard 'twas but a Chamber-maid, after all.

Sir *Law.* Gad I'm glad of that however, as I hope to be ſav'd, Captain, I was afraid it might have bin one of the Maids of Honour, and then my Son had bin ruin'd for ever, he had, by the Parliament, now I'm ſerious.

Callow. This Sottiſh old Fellow, is as great a Dunce as his Sons, Rot me.

Sir *Law.* And ſo in ſhort, *Bias* ruffled the Woman, and the Centry broke his head for't.

Solon. You have hit it in troth, Father, as a man may ſay.

Van Grinn. The Centry hit it, you mean, *Solon*, a very good jeſt again, faith, there are your wits, Nuncle, ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Aſide to him.*

Sir *Law.* Now is that grinning Dog in his Kingdom.

Re-enter Lovewell.

Love. Sir, if you are not too buſie, I ſhould deliver a Meſſage to you.

Van Grin. From whom, Sweet-heart?

Love. The Widow, Sir. [*Exit* Lovewell.

Van Grin. The Widow, huſh, I'll follow thee immediately; ſhe has ſome new fondneſs to ſhew me, I'll be hang'd elſe, ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good jeſt faith—— Good buoy Nuncle, my Noſe will be damnably bor'd, I ſee, my Couſin *Bias* muſt carry the Widow, and *Solon* has a head fit for a Stateſman,——ha, ha, ha, ha Sollid, Sollid.

Sir *Law.* Ah, would thou wer't hang'd that thou—— [*Exit* Van Grin. Might'ſt grin to ſome purpoſe, by the Parliament.

Solon. 'Od, if I had thought he mock'd me, I would have had a pluck with him, I tell him, that there ſhould have been more marks in his Face than his Noſe, I tell him but ſo.

Bias. My Brother *Solon* and I would have ſhewn him ſome of *Shrewsbury* Play, i'faith, for all my Head's broke.

Sir *Law.* Well, not too much of that, good *Bias*, nor to no more of your Court Salutations, d'ye hear,——is no ſign of good Breeding, this is only heat of Blood, Captain, the working of the Animal Spirits; Youth, Youth, the Boys have known no Sorrow.

Darew. No faith, nor Joy neither, their Dolts are too Inſenſible, 'dsdeath, what a blind old Sot is this!

Sir *Law.* 'Troth, Captain, I've a great Care upon me, to know how to diſpoſe of theſe Boys; this *Bias* is a Lewd, Miſchievous, Young Dog, I deſign him for an Office.

Callow.

Callow. Sot, Raſcal, Damn him, what does the Fellow mean?

Sir *Lawr.* T'other there ſhall be a Lawyer, becauſe of his inſtructing Face, he'll be a Prodigious Fellow, for look ye, Captain, if you mind it, his face will become a Serjeants Quoif extreamly, he'll certainly be a Prodigious Fellow.

Darew. A Prodigious Fellow, indeed——Oh the inſufferable blindneſs of a dull Father.

Sir *Lawr.* And as for Wives, I have 'em ready for 'em, My Son *Bias* ſhall have the Widow, and my Son *Solon* her Siſter, both ſwinging Fortunes, by the Parliament.

Darew. 'Ds'death, what ſays he, her Siſter——my Miſtreſs, by this light.

Sir *Lawr.* They're now at home with my Siſter *Bumfiddle*: I'll go watch her coming out, for I'm reſolv'd to propoſe it to night; and ſo my noble Captain, Farewell.

Darew. Hold, hold, Sir *Lawrence*, a word with you firſt.

Sir *Lawr.* Not for a thouſand Pound, Sir, it comes into my head that this is the lucky minute. Come *Bias*, farewell Captain, come along *Solon*, come.

[*Exeunt Sir* Lawrence, *and Sons.*

Callow. Well, if ever I had ſo much Patience ſince I was born, boil me; why there are not four ſuch Fools again within the four Seas; ſink me; and I hope the Daughter is as bad.

Darew. I'm glad the old Coxcomb has told me his deſign upon the Widow's Siſter, I'll prevent his Sons folly there, I'll warrant him; this Letter from her I hope is more favourable than the reſt, how cam'ſt thou to get it, ſhe was in a very good humour ſure?

Callow. Why, my Intimacy in the Family made her Employ me, I believe; beſides knowing that I was coming to ye; but as to her humour, ſhe's no Changeling, 'twas juſt at the old rate.

Darew. What freakiſh, freakiſh! come, before I read her *Billet-doux*, prithee tell me, what did ſhe ſay of me?

Callow. Why ſhe ſaid you were an Aſs,——Devil take me.

Darew. I thank her: well, go on.

Callow. She ſays ſhe believes ye to be one of thoſe freſh-water Captains, that was ſo purpoſely blind that you would not ſee the *French* Fleet, when they were out, for fear of fighting, but ſtill laid excuſe upon a great Fog.

Darew. Admirable! ha, ha, ha——

Callow. She ſays ſhe'll never believe ye Valiant, till you get a wooden Leg, nor can ever love ye, till you do one thing for her.

Darew. What's that, prithee?

Callow. Hang your ſelf: Rot me, I thought ſhe was mad: the reſt of her pretty humour you'l find in the Letter.

Darew. And without doubt, as good a Comedy as this is a Prologue: Well, I'll go and read it at my better leiſure, and afterwards viſit and teaze her as I ſee occaſion.

Mild eaſie Love ſhould never be abus'd,
But your mad Miſtreſs muſt be madly us'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT. II. SCENE I.

[*Enter Lady* Subtle *dreſs'd in Mourning*, Berenice *and* Comode]

L. *Subtle.* IS my Lady gone, Siſter?

Beren. Gone, what before ſhe has her Mornings draught, before her thirſt is quench'd with one quart Glaſs, and the quick motion of her tongue has dry'd her up for another; gone, ſaid ye! no, no, ſhe muſt have two Bumpers more, and a Dinner before ſhe goes, I'll ſecure ye.

Comode. She's below in the Parlour, Madam, teaching Sir *Lawrences* Daughter to keep out her Toes, and ſome new Rules of behaviour.

L. *Subtle.* Fogh that's a nauſeous Creature too, and indeed fit to learn of no body but her, for ſhe has too little tongue, and the t'other too much; ſhe liſps and ſlobbers out her words like a perfect Changeling, and the t'other, with a voice like a Trump-Marine, is ever bawling in your ears, and running over all the Intreagues of Town and Country, without ever breathing between.

Beren. She's Tutoring the two Sons I believe too, I hear they are come.

Comode. Yes to your Sorrows —— you'l be throng'd with Suitors now.

L. *Subtle.* If either of 'em ſpeaks of Love to me, I'll break his head, I hate both them, and all Mankind.

Beren. Sir *Philip* too, Siſter, come don't lye.

L. *Subtle.* Would thou wert hang'd for naming him, that Villain above all the reſt has the aſcendant, and with my late poor ſneaking fool that's dead, ſtill Plotted to affront me, but I'll throw off this nauſeous Black to morrow; ſhake off the Widow, and appear my ſelf gay, frolickſome, I'm ſure I've Youth enough, and Beauty, or my Glaſs deceives me, what a ſhame 'tis that Cuſtom ſhould make us ſuch Hypocrites to wear this filthy Dreſs, as a reſpect to a dull lazy drone of a Husband we wiſh would break his neck the next day after our Marriage.

Berenice. Why well ſaid, Widow, but is this Conſequent to that wringing of hands, that ſtorm of ſighs, and flood of tears that came from you when firſt you heard the News of the good Man's departure to his long home? are theſe two humours ſuitable?

L. *Subtle.* Thoſe tears were ſuitable to that time, Fool; tears are as natural then, as a ſmile is to a Lover when we receive a Preſent, or Flattery to a great Stateſman, from one that deſigns to beg a Place of him.

Beren. And they were ſhed I'll ſay that for 'em in abundance, ſorrow came flowing down in purling ſtreams, and Chriſtal Rivulets, as the Poets have it, and the Handkerchief was ſo wet ——

L. *Subtle.* Reaſon good, Changling, I had an Union ty'd up in the Corner on't.

Comode. Does your Ladyſhip never intend to think more of Sir *Philip* then, I've heard you ſay you did love him once?

L. *Subtle.* Ay, and hate him the more for't now, intolleroble wretch, in the midſt of his Intrigue with me I diſcover'd the Villain had another that was with Child by him, upon which in a mad fit I married this dull Sir *Solomon*, who was juſt dying for me; yet good nature returning afterwards to this ungrateful *Freewit*, I was contented my Fortune ſhould be ſettled upon him after the Fool my Huſband's death, provided he behaved himſelf well to me; but o'th' contrary, he

insolently disdains it, professes himself a *Marriage-Hater*, and poorly imagines his Wit shall get the Writings and Estate in spight of me, but I think I have balk'd him now, for I've just now sent 'em by Sir *Lawrence*'s Nephew to my Husband's Councel here in Town, who is my Creature, to find a flaw in 'em.

Beren. What, right or wrong, that's a rare Councellor indeed———

L. *Subtle.* Oh prithee mind tying thy Stockings up straight, and leave me to the management of my own affair; a Widow knows as well what to do with her Writings, after her Husband's Death, as thou dost with a troublesome Maidenhead before thou art Married; and prithee, now I think on't, what is become of thy Sea-Lover, the Captain hah, hast thou sunk him yet?

Beren. No he lies at Anchor still, and expects daily when he shall Grapple me, but I can't leave my old freakish humour for the heart of me, I use him like a dog sometimes, I can't help it faith, 'tis in my Nature.

Comode. She makes a meer Fool of him, soft, kind, and easie——as if she would invite him to Bed to her this minute, and the next cocks up her nose, frowns, calls him names, and will no more know him, than a new made Judge will a Country Attorny, that has formerly treated him at the Nine-pence Ordinary.

Beren. A Man looks so like a fool when he makes Love——that I can't for my Soul keep in one humour, and yet I like the honest blunt Dog well enough, if I would let one of the two-leg'd Bears rub their brisles upon my face, it should rather be him, than a Milksop flashy Beau at any time.

L. *Subtle.* Oh here's my Lady and the young Dowdy, now if there be any Intrigues or Matches stirring about the Town, we shall have 'em, I'm sure——— [*Sits down at the Toilet.*

Enter Lady Bumfiddle, *and* Margery.

L. *Bum.* Widow, I heartily beg thy Pardon for being so long from thee, I have been tormenting my self this hour below in the Parlour, with this awkward fool my Niece here, hark thee in thy ear. [*Sits down.*
I labour in vain, as I'm a Protestant, I shall never bring her to any thing, I have been swinging her this half hour in an Iron swing below, to make the Changling hold up her head.

L. *Subtle.* She's very flippant with my Sister yonder, you see.

L. *Bum.* Flippant, Lord help her, as I'm a Protestant, Child she can't speak one word of sence in a forenoon; flippant, shame on her, she makes me distracted; she can make shift 'tis true to ask for her Porridge or Water-gruel in a morning, but if a Man do but speak to her, or touch her, then she's presently at her——Let me alone, will ye? pish, what aileth the Man? fough, can't ye be quiet? Aunt, Aunt, the Man squeeseth me, and the like; and then makes more ugly faces than a Monky that has burnt his mouth with hot Chesnuts; and yet the senceless Jade is turn'd of Eighteen too, An Age when, to my knowledge, } *Mimicks* Margery *in Lisping, and Actions.*
If she have not her Womanly apprehensions about her, she will never have 'em, as I'm a Protestant.

L. *Subtle.* She has a very good Tutor of your Ladyship, I wonder she does not Learn.

L. *Bum.* Learn, why the thing has no Soul in't, Child, you may sooner teach an *Irish* Man the Art of Poetry, as I'm a Protestant. [*To* Berenice.

So my little Quinteſence of Converſation,——what, you are diverting your ſpleen upon my Niece there?

Beren. Quite contrary, Madam, for we have been railing at your Ladyſhip; ſhe ſays, laſt night at play, you would make her let a Gentleman tye on her Garter, tho' ſhe always wears 'em above her Knee.

L. *Bum.* 'Dslife, we were all at Queſtions and Commands, and he muſt tye on the Garter if the King Commands, tho' 'twere above her Waſte, 'tis the Authority of the Play, and the Changeling knows it well enough.

L. *Subt.* I find my Lady has been very obedient in her young days.

Marg. Well, well, I won't let him tho', I won't, and I care not a farthing whether ever I play again or no, for if ever he comes to touth my Legs, I'll give him a good dowth o'th' Chops, let the King thay what he will, he than't touth my Legs.

L. *Bum.* Thant touth your Legs,——ah Maukin, thy Husband that is to be, is like to have a fine time with thee, but indeed 'twould be no great ſatisfaction to him, for they are both Crooked.——

Beren. Hark'e, tell her, her own are the wrong end upward, ſhe has had neither Ancle nor Calf this ſeven Years.

Marg. O Lord, I've a good mind I vow and thwear, but that I'm afraid ſhe'll plague me with ſome thmutty Jeſt or other, for ſhe hath 'em at her Fingers ends, and, I vow, makes me bluſh ſometimes twenty times a day.

L. *Bum.* What, ſhe is grumbling at me, I warrant, ſenſeleſs Brute, becauſe I indeavour to inform her Stupidity, and make her fit.

Beren. For the Converſation of the *Beaux Eſprits*, Madam.——

L. *Bum.* For the buſineſs of this World, Child, ſhe ſhould not be afraid of a Man if I had the ordering her; 'dslife, when I was of her years, no Man durſt put a thing to me, but ſnap I had him in a moment; I came upon him Sowſe, with twenty Jeſts one after another, and afterwards made him look ſo like a Fool.

L. *Subt.* Your Ladyſhips Wit was equal to your bulk, Madam, and 'tis no wonder the Men were worſted, for a great Fellow durſt no more ſtand the ſeverity of your Jeſt, than a little Fellow your Fiſt, for the one was ſure to be outrallied, and the t'other to be knock'd down.

L. *Bum.* Nature indeed took care not to ſtint me in my Dimenſions; nor was I backwards in letting the Men know her benefits, as this Fool is here.

Marg. Well, well, I care not, the Men than't touth me, I'm retholv'd, I can't abide 'em; I'll let ne're a man in *England* touth me, but Mr. *Thummim* our Parthon.

L. *Bum.* The Parſon, d'ye hear her, Madam, for all her Skittiſhneſs, this Coy Queen ſhall ſit upon the Parſon's Lap two hours together, and you know ſome of thoſe are Plaguy Fellows, for all their demure looks, if ſhe were my Daughter, I had as lieve truſt her with a Dragoon as a Parſon, as I'm a Proteſtant.

Marg. Pugh, thay what you will, I love him for all that, for he teaches me Quethions and Reſponthes, and when I was a little Girl he taught me Morning and Night my Catechize, like a good Man as he is.

Beren. Ay Child, and now thou art a great Girl, he will teach thee the Matrimony, if thou wilt, I warrant him, the good Man won't give over his Devotion, if he finds thou art worth any thing.

L. *Bum.*

L. *Bum.* Come, prithee let's leave her to her Chalk and Oatmeal, [*Exit Margery.* for that all theſe skittiſh things come to, with Lips as green as a Leek, and a Face as if it were cut out of a Turnip; and let's talk of things more ſolid: Prithee, Widow what haſt got for Dinner? hah.

L. *Subt.* Pigeons, I think, my Lady, and ſomething elſe.

Beren. Oh, now ſhe's got into her Kingdom, to hear her talk all this while, and nothing of Eating, Drinking, nor Intreague, has me wonder, [*Aſide.*

L. *Bum.* Pigeons, Pox, that's pidling, melancholly ſtuff; haſt any Veniſon, Child?

L. *Subt.* Veniſon, Madam, yes, I believe there is.

L. *Bum.* Prithee, what piece, doſt know, a Haunch? hah.——

L. *Subt.* I ſwear, Madam, I can't tell that, I'll ſend to my Cook and know, if you pleaſe; *Comode*, go to the Cook, and ask him.

L. *Bum.* Do, dear Mrs *Comode*, only for a fancy; for you muſt know, I dreamt of a Haunch laſt Night, and Mrs. *Comode*, with your Ladies leave, fill my Glaſs that I us'd to drink her Ladyſhip's health in, and bring it with ye.

Beren. So, now will ſhe get half drunk, and then if we ſcape being deaf, we are happy.

L. *Bum.* Widow I've got a Husband for thee, Child, I have been Contriving--

L. *Subt.* Oh, Madam, I beg your Ladiſhips pardon, I'll not marry.

L. *Bum.* Nay, 'tis neither to Sir *Lawrence*'s Nephew nor his Son, tho' I know he has a deſign upon thee for the laſt, but a Young, Brisk, Rich, Active, Handſome,——'odslife, and what's better than all, a Fool too, a rare Boy for a Widow.

Beren. I warrant your Ladyſhip knows all the Matches have been made this twenty Years.

L. *Bum.* Within three, I think Child——why, I make moſt of 'em my ſelf, I get five hundred pound a Year by it; nay, whether they marry or no, if I can but get 'em together, 'tis the ſame thing.

Beren. Truly then a Bawd and your Ladyſhip are not much unlike the ſame thing, in my Opinion. [*Aſide.*

L. *Bum.* I have obſerv'd, Widow, that no Intrigue that I have not had a hand in, has proſpered lately; My poor Lord *Spindle*, I hear, made an Effort laſt week upon Mis *Gamboll*, an Heireſs at *Greenwich*, but I not being in the Plot, my Lord loſt her: then Sir *John Limber*, a great Sportſman of the *North*, would fain have ſhot the Widow *Wagbum* flying, but he gave falſe Fire without me; my Brother here, too, for I'm no reſpecter of Perſons, intends to fix his Son *Bias* upon thee, Widow, and his Darling *Solon* upon Mrs. *Berenice* there, but not conſulting me, it ſhan't do, as I'm a Proteſtant.

L. *Subt.* Why then I find your Ladyſhip has a right and title to diſpoſe of me, whether I will or no.

L. *Bum.* Moſt Certainly, Child.

Beren. Pray, Madam, will your Ladyſhip give me leave to blow my Noſe, for I find I have nothing at my own command?

L. *Bum.* Oh, that you may, Witty Mrs. *Berenice*, freely: Thank'e, good Mrs. *Comode*,—— [*Enter* Comode *with a great Glaſs full.* well, I'll take a time to do ſome good turn for thee too, e're long, I will, as I'm a Proteſtant; I've an old Gentleman-Uſher in my Eye for thee.——

Comode. Thank your Ladyſhip; 'tis a Haunch, Madam, and Colliflowers.

L. Bum. It is, that's well; here, Widow, here's a health to thy merry Thought. [*Drinks.*

L. Subt. What does ſhe mean?

Beren. To be drunk, if ſhe ſwallows all that, or the Devil's in her.

L. Bum. Deliver me, what's this?———Egad, [*makes Faces and ſpits.*] Mrs. *Comode*, prithee what haſt thou given me here?———Egad.———

Comode. Lambeth-Ale, Madam.

L. Bum. Lambeth Ale, what a plague came into thy Head to give me *Lambeth*-Ale?

Comode. 'Tis freſh and good, Madam.

L. Bum. To give one the Gripes,——Egad, freſh and good, ſaid ſhe; Puddle for Frogs, as I'm a Proteſtant,——go prithee, fill it me with Sherry, Sugar and Nutmeg, according to the ancient, laudable Cuſtom, Fool.

L. Subt. Ha, ha, ha, this *Lambeth*-Ale has mortify'd her ſtrangely; go get my Lady ſome Sherry, you know what ſhe drinks well enough.

Beren. If you are given to miſtakes thus, Mrs. *Comode*, you may whiſtle for your Gentleman-Uſher, I'll tell ye that.

L. Bum. Prithee ſtand out of the way, and with my Ladies leave, I'll go and order it my ſelf.

L. Subt. This Baggage has hinder'd us of all our News. [*Ex.* L. Bumfiddle.

Beren. Oh, no, when ſhe has drunk her Bumper we ſhall have it with Intereſt, and Siſter, I ſee you are like to have more Gueſts, for there's two Chairs juſt now come in.

Comode. One of 'em carries my young Lord *Brainleſs*, I'm ſure, for I ſaw his Page.

Beron. Egad, I ſhall eat no Dinner then: Prithee Siſter, why doſt let that lewd, nauſeous, ſilly Boy viſit thee, 'tis as bad as a Lampoon to be in's Company?

L. Subt. 'Dslife, there's no avoiding him, he will viſit every body, nor is every Houſe ſufficient, but like a Fly he'll be buzing in every Corner on't.

Beren. Juſt as he uſes the Play-houſe, from the Box, whip he's in the Pit, from the Pit, hop he's in the Gallerey, from thence, hey paſs between the Scenes, in a moment, where I have ſeen him ſpoil many a Comedy, by baulking the Actors entrance, for when I have eagerly expected ſome Buffoon to divert, the firſt nauſeous appearance has been my Lord.

Comode. Oh, now I ſee who's i'th' t'other Chair, 'tis Mrs. *La Pupſey*, Madam.

L. Subt. And her Lapdog then, I'm ſure, why we ſhall have rare Diverſion, we need ſee no Play to day, the beſt Comedy will be acted here, however I'll avoid her as long as I can; but methinks, Siſter, 'tis fit you ſhould go and entertain my Lord.

Beren. Not I, I'll have none of your Lords, eſpecially ſuch as he is; your Lord is a Leaden Shilling to me, as the *Plain-Dealer* ſays.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Brainleſs, *and* La Pupſey, *with her Lapdog, Page waiting.*

L. Brain. Hey, where are all my Ladies People, here? the Family, methinks, are ſtrangely careleſs,—— this would be a mortal Crime in *France* now, we ne're viſit there, but you find a Footman at the bottom of every pair of Stairs, and a Page in every Room.

L. Pupſey.

L. Pupſey. Your Lordſhip is the Original of all good breeding, your bel ayr is incomparable, and your Addreſs has ſomething in it ſo ſoverdignty graceful, that it ſurprizes extreamly; the Cadance of your ſpeech too is ſoft and ſymphonical, but above all, your Lordſhip's dreſs is always ſo *à Droite Novelle & à propos*, that as you are the delight of the *Beau Monde*, you are certainly the envy of the *Beaux Eſprits*: I have found his *French* vein, and will accordingly humour it. [*Aſide.*

L. *Brain.* A pretty Creature this, but ſo horribly fortified with the ſhell of her Complements, that like a Tortiſe there's no attacking her before nor behind, the Devil take me——— [*Apart.*

L. *Pupſey.* I vow I'm pleas'd extravagantly with your Lordſhips particularity in your Stockings to day.

L. *Brain.* Gad, Madam, I muſt needs own I would not give three-pence for Humane Life, but for the honour of being eſteemed by the Fair Sex, for——— ſomething or other pretty Mrs. *Berenice*, yeſterday, upon my asking her what Stockings ſhe thought became my Leg beſt, told me buff-colour, or yellow——— implying Jealouſie; adding withall this pleaſant Conceit, that my Legs would ſeem as jealous of their Performance, being to make their Conge to the Merit and Beauty of my Miſtreſs, which, faith, was well enough ſaid; I think.

L. *Pup.* Nay, we of the Cabal do allow that *Berenice* has ſome wit.

L. *Brain.* Afterwards I ask'd your Opinion, you know, Madam; and you told me a Pink; upon which, faith, in purſuance of the *French* Gallantry, I reſolve to honour your judgments, and wear both.

L. *Pup.* Your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant. [*Courteſies.*

He's very obſequious of late, I hope he will marry me. [*Aſide.*

L. *Brain.* All I fear is the young Fellows of the Town will get into the faſhion too ſoon; for I'm ſure it will take prodigiouſly, 'tis very particular and new.

L. Pupſey. 'Tis agreeable with the reſt, my Lord, I wiſh my Lady were here to joyn with me in applauſe, I'll go find her out.

L. *Brain.* By no means, Madam. Sirrah, you Monkey——what a plague are you aſleep; go and inform my Lady, or rather, Madam, ſince 'tis to ſerve you—— I'll go my ſelf—— [*Ex.* Brain. *and Page.*

L. *Pupſey.* His Sence is not the moſt genuine I have met with, therefore there's the more hopes I may get him; come my Jewel, come and ſit down with thy Miſtreſs, and love her, and kiſs her, and tell her ſome pretty Stories; ſo, ſo, ſo, that's my ſweet Creature, that's my Soul, my Joy, my Life, kiſs *Dony*, kiſs thy own Miſtreſs agen *Dony*, and ſo I will, ſays he, and kiſs her, and kiſs her agen, ſays he; what d'ye think I'm like my Lord, to ſpend my time in Chat and Complement, when I may kiſs, and kiſs, and kiſs agen a young Lady, ſays he: Nay, nay, fye *Dony*, fye, now you don't kiſs fair, now you lick me *Dony*, you do, you dear Jewel you. What then, ſays he, what if I did, 'tis no more then I us'd to do, and no more than you like neither, ſays he? ye lye Sirrah, ye lye, ye dear Creature you, and get ye gone from me. [*Sits down, ſpeaks to, and kiſſes her Lap-Dog.*

Enter L. Brainleſs.

L. Brain. Ah! Jeſus, Madam, there's all the world within with my Lady; there's the Old Knight Sir *Lawrence*, the Dowdy his Daughter; then there's my

my fat Lady *Bumfiddle*, and the two nauſeous unlick'd Cubs the Sons, that gave me the Vapours at the very ſight of 'em, they are all coming, how ſhall we divert our ſelves?

L. *Pupſey*. I hope they had ſenſe enough to diſtinguiſh your Quality, my Lord?

L. *Brain*. I think they had manners enough to call me, my Lord, indeed, but my dreſs was no more regarded, than if I had wore a Cloak; they took no more notice of my Stockins, than if a fool had wore 'em, the Devil take me.

La Pupſey. The Spirit of dullneſs had poſſeſs'd 'em ſure; hah, what think'ſt thou, Jewel? thou would'ſt have treated my Lord better, I'm ſure; Yes, ſays he, that I would, I knovv a Man of Quality when I ſee him, ſays he, yes that he does, that's my *Dony*, that's my life, umph Miſtreſs loves thee at her none heart root. [*Kiſſes the Dog.*

L. *Brain*. A delicate Dog indeed, Madam; come hither, Pretty Creature: Pray what's his name?

La Pupſey. *Adonis*, my Lord,——Oh fye, fye, *Dony*, where are your manners, what be rude to my Lord; go, go, kiſs him, and love him, and tell him a pretty Story, and ask his Lordſhip how he does, and when he kiſs'd his Miſtreſs laſt, d'ye hear *Dony*, that's my Jewel.

L. *Brain*. This is as extravagant a language as her other, I'll try to imitate her——And if you can ask Queſtions, you can anſwer, *Dony*, vvho is your bedfellow, *Dony*? where did you lye laſt night, you happy Creature you? with my pretty Miſtreſs, ſays he, between her white ſoft melting——Arms, ſays he, where many an honeſt Gentleman would be glad to have been, ſays he: Well, *Dony*, but what Moles has your Miſtreſs, *Dony*, hah? you dear Creature?

La Pupſey. Piſh, I won't tell ye, ſays he: O fye, my Lord, you ſhall have him no longer, you teach the Dog paw things, and you can't imagine what an apprehenſion the dear Creature has——I vow, I believe 'tis not impoſſible to teach him *French*, for I was ſaying to him t'other day, *En paſſant, Mounſieur le Chien, je ſuis vôtre tres humble Servant*, and I vow, to my thinking, turning about with a *French* Grimace, *Madamoiſelle dit il, je ſuis vot Serviture*, plainer than any *Gaſcoign* can ſpeak it by far.

L. *Brain*. Miraculous! and in the right *French* tone too, Madam?

La Pupſey. Tone! nay, my Lord, ne're a Dog in Chriſtendom hits a note like him, he ſings a Minuet after me perfectly, I'll try if he be in humour. Sing, *Dony*, come ſing my Soul, my Life,——come——Thol, Lol, Lol, [*Pinches the Dog, and he howls.*
That's my none comfort, come then, ſing then, Deareſt.
Indeed, my Love, ſays he, I do the beſt I can, umph, umph, umph, ſweet Creature,—your Lordſhip might obſerve the note was in alt, tho' a little out of Tune, and hoarſe——the poor Rogue has got a deſperate cold.

L. *Brain*. As all good Singers generally have, Madam.

La Pupſey. Right, my Lord, you ſhould have heard it elſe in perfection, he does not aim to a Quireſter yet, but he ſings much better than the Clerk of any Pariſh.

L. *Brain*. To fix my ſelf more in your good grace, Madam, and knovving how

how tender your eſteem was for him, I have caus'd ſome words of mine to be ſet on that purpoſe, where I envy his happineſs, and wiſh my ſelf in his condition, for to be ſo carreſſed by you, muſt be the extremity of happineſs, that's moſt certain: but firſt, if you pleaſe, I'll treat you with an *Italian* Air.

La Pupſey. I vow your Lordſhip honours us both extreamly, but him in a more particular manner, but I beſeech your Lordſhip add another to us, and let us hear it. [*An* Italian *Song.*

L. *Brain.* With all my Soul, Madam, umph, thol, lol, lol; ah pox of ill luck, here's the deluge breaking in upon us, 'tis impoſſible whilſt they are here to do juſtice to any Muſick.

Enter Sir Lawrence, *L.* Subtle, Berenice, Darewell, Bias, *and* Solon.

Sir *Law.* Speak to her *Bias*, and *Solon*, don't be afraid, I'll ſtand by ye; what my Eſtate may incourage ye ſure to ſpeak to as good as they; puſh on, I ſay, briſk, briſk, you muſt always puſh briſkly to a Widow, ſhe won't care a fig for yeelſe; to her Boy, to her *Bias*——and *Solon*, a plague vvhat art thou a doing, thou look'ſt as if thou wert rather going to hang thy ſelf, than make Love—— why to her Sirrah——to her I ſay, let's hear a little wit.

L. *Subt.* Well, Sir, what News?

Bias. News, Gad ſooks, I never read any News, Madam, I founder like a Spavin'd Mare when I read a Gazet; but I can tell ye this, that I love ye damnably; and if you would do as much for me, as the Song ſays, you ſhould be my Delight, both by Day, and by Night.

Beren. Well, Sir, and what ſay you?

Solon. I can't ſay much, but I've a great mind to be married, as a Man may ſay, and methinks, and you have the pureſt Neck and Bubbies that ever I ſaw, as I hope to be ſav'd, hey, ho, I wonder vvhat a Clock 'tis?

Sir *Lawr.* What a Clock 'tis, 'oons what a queſtion's there, I believe the Boy's bewitch'd, methinks he has no Wit at all now, Captain.

Darew. No, nor luck neither, Sir, he ſhall croſs the Old Proverb for once, ſhall I beg a Word or two, Madam.

Berenice. About what, the Deck, Fore-Caſtle, and Gun-Room; oh, I'm not at leiſure now, good Captain.

Darew. The Devil's in her, what new freak is this now——

Beren. Come, Siſter, here's a New Song my Maſter taught me this morning; my Lord you have Skill, pray tell me how you like theſe Notes——umph, umph——

L. *Pupſey.* Peace my Jewel, peace deareſt. [*The Dog howls.*

Dony humbly begs your pardon, Madam; but when any one begins to Tune, 'tis his way, and he has ſo great a paſſion for Muſick, he can't forbear.

L. *Brain.* Here's no notice of my Stockings yet, a pox take 'em.

SONG.

HOw vile are the Sordid Intrigues o'th' Town,
Cheating and Lying perpetually ſway;
From Bully and Punk, to the Politick Gown,
With Plotting and Sotting, they waſte the day:

All

All our Diſcourſe is of Foreign Affairs,
The French *and the Wars*
Is always the Cry,
Marriage alas is declining,
Nay though a Poor Virgin lye Pining,
Ah curſe of this jarring, what luck have I?

II.

I thought a young Trader by Ogling Charms,
Into my Conjugal Fetters to bring,
I planted my Snare too for one that lov'd Arms,
But found his Deſign was another thing:
From the Court Province, down to the dull Citts,
Both Cullies, and Wits of Marriage are ſhye,
Great are the Sins of the Nation,
Ah ſhame on the wretched Occaſion,
Ah Curſe of the Mounſieur, what Luck have I?

L. Subtle. A pretty air, I like the Song too better than thoſe I uſually hear, becauſe there's no whining Love in't; a Latine Sermon, and a Love-Song influence me equally; the one touches my heart no more, than the other my apprehenſion.

L. *Pupſey.* A Latine Sermon, pray, Madam, don't ſpeak irreverently of that, I never miſs the Chappel when Biſhop what d'ye call him Preaches; for the very ſake of hearing 'em——that man has really the moſt Elegant way of Sermocination, and his words ſo plain, without needing a Periphraſis, that, Madam, I could tell you ſuch a Story——

Sir *Law.* Oh prithee Mrs. what d'ye call, no Stories now, but let's have a little more Muſick, I ſay.

L. *Pupſey.* Ridiculous abſurdity; come, my Lord, my Lady *Bumfiddle*'s within, we'll have the Story there.

L. *Brain.* Age forgets becoming Complaiſance, Madam, you muſt excuſe him——hey Page, where is my blockhead now? [*Exeunt L.* Br *and L.* Pupſ.

Beren. Upon your ſhouldiers; if I may give my Opinion. [*Aſide.*

L. *Subtle.* This was barbarous in the Old Knight.

Beren. Ay, to hinder her in the very Convulſion fit of her harangue, ſhe'll choak with it, but ſee, the nuſance is not throughly cleer'd, here's the Lovers remaining yet.

L. *Subtle.* I have ſeen variety of Fools, but never two ſo very ridiculous before, and yet is that Old Fellow as fond of 'em, as if they were as wiſe as their Namefakes of old——Strange ſtupidity of Humane Nature; the Beaſts o'th' Field, and Birds o'th' Air, that chance to produce monſtrous Births will ſoon loath and deſert 'em; but a dull Father ſhall indulge and doat upon a couple of Changlings, tho' the ſhame of Creation, and that were given him as a puniſhment for ſome horrible Sin.

Darew. He's labouring for ſomething, Madam, I ſee the pangs are very ſtrong upon him.

L. *Subtle.* I know he would fain bluſter ſomething to me now, but makes more Grimaces about it, than one that has a real ſtuttering imperfection if he were compell'd to read a *Welſh* Bible, I'll have pity, and relieve him for once: A pretty Suit that you have on, Sir.

Bias.

Bias. Yes, Madam, I beg your pardon, I think I've a pretty good Taylor I han't paid him his Bill tho', but the Cloth coſt twenty Shillings a yard; my Gloves coſt a Guinea, and my Hat three Pounds; I beg your Pardon, Madam. [Darewell *follows* Berenice, *who ſtill avoids him.*

L. *Subtle.* I think I've the moſt harmleſs Lover that ever was, he's asking me pardon at every word he ſays; he broke both his ſhins over a great form in the Hall juſt now, and ask'd me pardon for't, as if he had broke mine.

Darew. Are you then reſolv'd to affront me —— [*To* Berenice

Beren. Piſh, Lord, y'are ſo troubleſome; now does his tongue itch to ſpeak to me about the Letter; but I muſt play another freak with him if I were to be hang'd.

Sir *Law.* Oh, *Bias* is at her, I ſee; the young dog will ſucceed, on my Conſcience——your right Widows love an impudent young Fellow, and the Rogue's as lew'd as her heart can wiſh; but methinks *Solon* lags behind all this while: To her, *Solon*, at her agen, Sirrah——Why ſee if he ſtirs now——'tis ſo——the boy's bewitch'd——by the Parliament he is, I'm ſerious——

Beren. You like the Song then, you ſay, Sir *Lawrence.*

Sir *Law.* Very well in troth, Madam, 'gadſo, well remembred, faith, I'll make *Solon* ſing a Song to her, that ſhe may ſee he has variety of parts—— Madam, my Son *Solon* too admires your voice ſo much, that he reſolves to return his thanks in the ſame kind; come, begin *Solon*——now's your time Sirrah, now *Solon.*

Solon. I can ſing none, but one about hunting; I learn'd it of *Nick Stitch* the Cobler in *Shrewsbury*; a very merry Fellow I'll ſay't, and had the pureſt roaring voice, 'twas louder than any Pack of Dogs i'th' Country; but for my part, I could never come up to him, as a Man may ſay.

Sir *Law.* 'Sbud no more prating, but Sing, as a Man may ſay; thou art as hard to be got to't, as a good Singer indeed, come ſtart fair, three hems, and away.

[Solon *hems, and then ſings a Song.*

Solon's SONG.

I.

Tantivee, tivee, tivee, tivee, thigh and low,
Hark, hark, how the merry merry Horn does blow,
As through the Lanes and the Meadows we go;
As Puſs has run over the Down: (Spring,
When Ringwood, *and* Rockwood, *and* Jowler, *and*
And Thunder, *and* Wonder *made all the Woods ring,*
And Horſemen, and Footmen, hey ding, a ding, ding,
Who envies the Splender and State of a Crown.

II.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow, Jolly Boys,
Keep in with the Beagles now whilſt the Scent lies,
The fiery-fac'd God is juſt ready to riſe;
Whoſe Beams all our Pleaſure Controuls,
Whilſt over the Mountains and Valleys we rowl,
And Watt's fatal knell in each hollow we Toll,
And in the next Cottage top off a brown Bowl,
What Pleaſure like Hunting can cheriſh the Soul.

Sir *Law.* By the Parliament, very well Sung, I'm ſerious, what ſay you, Madam?

L. *Subtle.* Old Doting Fool.

Beren. Oh! *Solon* has perform'd to a Miracle, Sir.

Enter Callow, *and* Margery.

Darew. Oh here's *Callow*, and come I hope to call 'em hence, and then I'm reſolv'd to attack her for all her dodging. [*Aſide.*

Margery. What ail'th' the man? Let me alone, will ye——piſh, be quiet, do I meddle with you now,——O Lord.

Callow. She's ſkittiſh here, but ſhe ſtood tame enough when we were alone within, burn me.

Margery. Madam, the meat hath thood upon the Thable above thith quarter of hour; my Aunt *Bumfiddle* freth, becauth the Porrith ith cold; the hath eat two whole Rowlth of Bread already, and vowth if you don't come preſently, the will fall too without ye——Oh Lord, the man's mad I think.

L. *Subtle.* Oh we'll aſwage my Lady's anger with another Bumper, come Captain.

Sir Law. Lead 'em in Boys, quick, quick——pox o'this Captain, what makes he ſo ready at her? [Solon *goes to take* Berenice, *and* Darewell *gets her hand firſt.*

Solon. Well, well, tho' he has ſnap'd ye before me, you have my good will, as a man may ſay. [*Exeunt all but* Darewell *and* Berenice.

Berenice. Well, Captain, you are in your Road ſtill, you will hoard, I ſee, any thing you take to be a Prize.

Darewell. There is no other dealing with you but violence, you uſe my heart worſe than a Pirate would an utter Enemy, and put more chains than a Chriſtian Slave has in the Turkiſh Bilboes——what did you mean by this Letter? why d'ye uſe me thus barbarouſly?

Beren. I have ſworn not to argue the caſe with you, but go to that Window and call my Woman, ſhe ſhall tell ye all in three words, whilſt I ſit down here with a heavy heart and reſt my ſelf.

Darew. Your Woman tell me?

Beren. Ay, ay, my heart's too full——call *Pimpwell* there.

Darew. Mrs. *Pimpwell*, Mrs. *Pimpwell.*

Beren. Louder, louder. [*He turns his back to call, ſhe riſes and runs out.*

Darew. Why Mrs. *Pimpwell*, where the Devil are ye? a Plague on her, ſhe's got into the Pantry, I warrant with the Butler, or ſome where or other——how now——what gone, this is another of her damn'd freaks by Heaven! oh, the inſupportable plagues a Man muſt run through that is debauched by that helliſh vice called Love; and of a Woman too, who of all the Creation leaſt deſerves it, love your Horſe, the Creature ſhall ſerve ye faithfully, and ſometimes when you are drunk (and conſequently not well in your ſences) ſhall carry ye home to your houſe in ſafety; love your Dog, he ſhall guard your Houſe from Thieves, and gratefully return it a hundred ways; but love a Woman, ſhe ſhall like the firſt, hourly ſting you with her Serpent ſubtilty, and for one minute's joy, give ye a thouſand vexations; Well, ſhe's a Fortune, that's ſome amends, and if I can but marry her, which by way of Revenge I hope I ſhall, I'll make her mind her buſineſs between Decks, ſhe ſhall lower her Topſail, I warrant her. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Philip *dreſs'd like a Lawyer, and* Lovewell.

Sir Phil. This, my dear *Lovewell*, is a rare contrivance, and I think the dreſs exact, but art thou ſure the Fool will come and bring the Writings.

Love. Moſt certainly, I heard the Widow give him private Orders this Morning, thinking it more ſence to truſt him, being a Lover and a Stranger to you, than any relation or Friend whatſoever; I heard her tell him too, where the Councellour's Chamber was, and what hour ſhe would have him go,

nay,

nay, I have watch'd and ſtuck as cloſe to 'em as their skins, i'faith.

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha, 'tis excellent; but how if this damn'd Lawyer ſhould be found?

Love. Oh, I have prevented that, for I immediately contriv'd a Letter as from a certain great Lady at *Kenſington*, who being very ſick, and having heard of his Honeſty and Reputation, deſired him to come and make her Will, the Lawyer ſurpriſed, immediately hurries away, upon which I preſently hir'd a Fellow to ſtand at the ſtair foot, and deſcribing the Fool with the Writings, ordered him to be ſent to this Tavern to you, ha, ha, ha, is not this well managed.

Sir *Phil.* A Miracle, faith, my Dear, dear witty ſne *Machiavil*, how ſhall I make thee amends?

Love. You know how, Sir, and when I have given ye a Fortune, I ſhall then preſume to make my claim——how now?

Enter a Drawer.

Drawer. There's a Gentleman below in a Coach asks for Councellor *Splutter*.

Love. Oh, that's well, prithee ſend him up, 'tis he, I knew [*Exit Drawer.* he would be punctual——here, here, take theſe Papers and be doing, you a Lawyer and without Papers in your hand, ſit down, and put a face of buſineſs as if you ſtaid for ſome body; quick, quick, I muſt vaniſh——but when you have got 'em, remember. [*Exit.*

Enter Van Grinn.

Van Grinn. Are you Councellor *Splutter*, pray Sir?

Sir *Phil.* My name is *Splutter*, Sir, which ſaid 40 Acres lying and being——

[*Reads.*

Van Grinn. And I warrant canſt ſplutter like a Devil too, if thou art well greas'd, ha, ha, ha, ha, very good jeſt faith, he has a rare plodding dull fate——I warrant him, a good Lawyer, ha, ha, ha, well, I've a little buſineſs with ye, Sir, if you're at leiſure.

Sir *Phil.* Pleaſe to ſit down, Sir? my Service t'ye—— [*Drinks.*

Van Grinn. With all my heart, Sir, ha, ha, ha, gad I like him better and better, he's a good honeſt toping drunken Toad too——this is a fellow fit for buſineſs——

Sir *Phil.* Now, Sir, your pleaſure. [*Folds up the Writings.*

Van Grinn. Why then, Sir, my pleaſure is——to drink firſt, ha, ha, ha, a very good jeſt, faith.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, Sir, good reaſon——

Van Grinn. You'll excuſe me, Mr. *A*——ha, ha, ha,——I've a light heart, but come to the buſineſs, you knew Sir *Solomon Subtle* I ſuppoſe?

Sir *Phil.* Very well, Sir, alas poor Gentleman, he died lately at *Hamburgh*, his Lady is my Client and intimate Friend; I expect every day the Writings of his Eſtate to be ſent me.

Van Grinn. Let me kiſs thee then, my dear limb of the Law, whilſt I inform thee that here they are in this Box, ha, ha, ha, ha,——and ſo here's to thee again.

Sir *Phil.* 'Dslife, come ſo ſoon, this will be rare news to Sir *Philip Freewit*, for as I hear, he is the chief Executor, he expects to have moſt of the Money, but yet if my Lady pleaſes——

Van Grinn. She does pleaſe, my dear dagled Gown, ha, ha, ha, a very good

eſt again, faith, if thou canſt but find a flaw in the Will, five hundred Pound re thine, my dear Wax ſqueezer.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, there ſhall be a flaw, let her never doubt, Sir, we Lawyers like Tinkers, if we find no crack, can make one.

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha, why that's very well ſaid too, faith and troth——gad I'll kiſs thee again for that, and beg thy pardon heartily for doubting thy abilities; a plump cheek'd Rogue——gad he puts me ſtrangely in mind of a little plump dutch Strumpet of my acquaintance, ha, ha, ha, well but hark thee, my dear Law-driver, doſt thou know me, hah?

Sir *Phil.* No, faith, Sir, but I ſuppoſe you're a man of Quality?

Van Grinn. I've 1500 a year, that's Quality enough, faith and troth, my father was but a Slop-ſeller, but if he had liv'd, he had been a Senator for all that, ſo that I've reſolv'd to ſtrike up to this Widow with a whew i'faith, ha, ha, ha,——And hark thee, hark thee, dear *Cook* upon *Littleton*, ſhall we chouſe this ſilly Knight, hah?

Sir *Phil.* I'll rout him utterly, Sir, I'll not give him a Groat for his Executorſhip; if I do not ſhow him a Law trick that ſhall make him ſtare again, I'll give you leave to vouch this Miracle of us, that a Lawyer refus'd to get Five hundred pounds through a ſqueamiſh fit of his Conſcience.

Van Grinn. Troth that would be a Miracle indeed, ha, ha, ha, here's a Bumper to thee, prithee why doſt thou not laugh; gad, I could laugh methinks till I was as fat as my Lord, my Lord, as my Lord, I ſay, prithee be merry; what do you Lawyers never laugh?

Sir *Phil.* Never, Sir, when we intend to cheat any Body, that's our Rule.

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha,——a very good Jeſt, again, faith;——I'gad, thou'rt an admirable Perſon, and there are the Writings for thee——and another kiſs into the bargain, Faith;——gad there's another leer ſo like my *Dutch* Strumpet again, the Rogue begins to inflame me.

Sir *Phil.* Well, Sir, I'll take care of 'em.

Van Grinn. Wilt thou,——gad I hope to ſee thee a Judge, thou haſt a notable riſing Face, and the credit of this buſineſs will bring thee into plaguy Practice: Come, prithee let's drink and laugh, ha, ha, ha,——prithee laugh now.

Sir *Phil.* With all my Heart, faith I've a merry fit comes upon me juſt on th' ſudden;——I'll kiſs you now, Sir, [*Kiſſes him.*

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jeſt, faith, ah my dear little plump Dutch Whore, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, my dear Fat Flanderkin,——Fool.—— [*Aſide.*

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Well, next the Widow, [*Hug and kiſs each other.* I love thee better than any one in *England*, faith, I'll be hang'd if thou haſt thy fellow in all the Inns of Court, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Phil.* Nor you in all *Flanders*, ha, ha, ha; ha.

Van Grin. My dear, dear, Bill and Anſwer, here's a Bumper to thee; } *Breaks the*
Pox o'th' Glaſs; come let's take another Room, for I'm reſolv'd to } *Glaſs.*
hope t'other Bottle with thee, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Phil.* March on *Pompey*, I'll follow, ha, ha, ha.

[*Here they both ſtand and laugh at one another, then Exit* Van Grinn.

So, here they are, and here the great feat is done,
Eaſily now the Widow may be won,
For what's a Widow when her Fortune's gone?

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter L. Subtle, Berenice, *and* Van Grin.

L. Subt. OH, undone, loſt, ruin'd, beyond all poſſibility of a Recovery, I find now by his ſenſeleſs Deſcription, that this Devil *Freewit*, has put a Trick upon him, and got the Writings in ſpite of me.

Beren. 'Tis even ſo, the Knight it ſeems own'd it juſt now in a Bravado to the Lieutenant, with a deſign to have it told you again.——*Min heer Flanderkin* there, has been over-reach'd by a meer Lawyer's Gown, the very ſhadow of Knowledge has done his buſineſs.

Van Grin. Ha, ha, now can I hardly forbear laughing, for all I have done ſuch a Miſchief;——Why, who the Devil could imagine, that an honeſt Toping, Laughing Fellow, as he ſeem'd to be, ſhould prove a falſe Brother, 'gad I took him to be as errant a Lawyer as ever took Fee on both ſides, or eat a Mutton Commons in the Temple:——Mutton Commons, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jeſt, i'faith, I can't forbear for the Soul of me.

L. Subt. Sot, Monſter, Fool; oh, where were my Brains too, that I could imagine one of that Nation guilty of the leaſt Diſcretion: Thou ſtupid Doſt, with leſs Senſe in thee than a crawling Inſect in your Muddy Fens, a Fleſh-fly in the depth of Winter, or a Mite in a *Holland* Cheeſe.

Van Grin. 'Gad I can't forbear laughing for all that, ha, ha, ha.

L. Subt. Bring me a Glaſs of Water, my Heart's ſo full of Rage, it has burnt me up to a Cinder.

Beren. This Fellow is certainly the ſpecies of a Baboon, and I warrant has a Tayl under his Clothes; I'de give a Guinny to have him ſearch'd.

L. Subt. A Baboon, 'sdlight, thou haſt nam'd the Prince of Brutes to him; this thing is one of Nature's foul-falſe Births, the Eye of Providence ſlept when he was born, and his dull Mother at his vile Conception, had nothing in her Mind but driveling Ideots, dull Aſſes with long Ears, unthinking Swine, with all the other Soul leſs, Lumpiſh Animals, the very Scum and Droſs of the Creation.

Van Grin. The Widow Rails, like a Devil to day, ha, ha, ha, ha.

L. Subt. But to what purpoſe do I waſt my Lungs, and call him Fool that am a worſe my ſelf, the verieſt, verieſt Ideot of the two,——a Widow, 'sdeath, and let a Man out-wit me; ridiculous to Nature, nay, get my Writings too, the very Soul and Life-blood of a Widow;——Oh, I could tear my Fleſh, burn, ſtab, or poyſon, do any Miſchief, and to any Creature, but to a Man much more with fiercer Vigour, and could I get the Heart of this damn'd *Freewit*, methinks I could with greater pleaſure tear it, and with more Joy could feed on my Revenge, than Teeming Women on the long'd for Fruit, their Souls deſire t'indulge their unborn Infants.

Enter Bias.

Bias. So I ſee ſhe's here, and pox on't, now I'll put up briskly.

Beren.

Beren. This Fool comes in a rare time, he's like to be well us'd.

Bias. Madam, I ſuppoſe you are not ignorant what I ſaunter about here for; My Father, I ſuppoſe, has told you what I would be at; and now I'm come my ſelf in perſon, and I proteſt left the beſt Game at All Fours juſt now when I was within one of up, that ever I had in my life,——becauſe my Father told me, you were at leiſure, and this was the what d'ye call it, the Cricketty Minute, a Minute when they ſay a Woman can deny a Man nothing; beſides, I love Cricket hugely, Madam, and if you pleaſe to throw your Heart to me.

L. Subtle. No, but I will throw a thing more proper, I will throw this at your Head, Buffoon; hark'e, Puppy, get thee out of my ſight, and quickly, or by all that's good, I'll beat thee. [*Throws a Cuſhion at his Head.*

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.——

Bias. I beg your Pardon, Madam,——what a Plague did my Father make a Fool of me for, this is none of the Cricketty Minute.

Enter Comode *with Water.*

L. Subt. Confuſion ſeize all Fools; oh, I'm all in Flame.—— [*Drinks.*

Berin. Here comes t'other Booby, this will make her Mad.

Enter Solon.

Solon. Madam, becauſe I'm a young Man, and a little awker'd in matters of Love, as a Man may ſay; and my Miſtreſs there too, being a little Cruel, and Hard-hearted, my Father ſent me to deſire your Ladyſhip to ſpeak a good word for me, becauſe I can't do't for my ſelf, as a Man may ſay; but for all that, as I hope to be ſav'd, I'm up to the Ears in——

L. Subt. Water, ye Blockhead, ye Owl. [*Throws the Water in's Face.*

Solon. O Lord, Murther, Murther, I'm drown'd.

Beren. Alas, poor *Solon*, has ſhe cool'd thy Paſſion?

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, he ſhall be called *Solon* the Wiſe no more, but *Solomon* the Wiſe, now the Widow has new Chriſten'd him,——ha, ha, ha, a very good Jeſt, Faith.

L. Subt. There's ſomething for you too.—— [*Throws the Glaſs at him.*

Oh, you need not have ſtoop'd, Sir, it could never have hurt your Scull;——
A Bullet can't do it, to my knowledge.
What a miſchievous thing 'tis, when 'tis angry, ha, ha, ha.——

Solon. The Devil take making of Love if this be the fruits on't, to ſpoil one's Crevat and ones Clothes, this is down right Malice, as a Man may ſay.

L. Subt. Sirrah, ſpeak one ſyllable more of Love here, and I'll make my Footmen ſouſe thee over Head and Ears in the Horſe-pond.

Bias. This is none of *Solon*'s Cricketty Minutes neither, I find.

Enter Sir Lawrence Limber.

Sir *Law.* I hope my Sons, Madam, have made their Merits ſo well known now, and their Intereſt with ye, is ſo great, that when my Grey Hairs ſhall fall to the ground.——

L. Subt. As they ſhall preſently, ye old Dotard. [*Pulls off his Peruke.*

Beren. The Devil's in her now, there's no hindring her.

L. Subt. 'Dslife, get thee gone and take thy Cubs from my ſight, or I will uſe ye all ſo like Fools.

Van Grinn. Look, look, ſhe has diſcover'd my poor Uncle Bald-pate again, too, the Devil's in the Widow to day, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Law.*

Sir *Law.* How's this, my Son *Bias* confounded, my Son *Solon* in diſorder, and my ſelf unſeemly treated? What d'ye mean by this, Madam? I never was ſo affronted in my life, never ſince I was born, by the Parliament, now I'm ſerious.

Solon. Mean, I care not what ſhe means, not I, I'm ſure ſhe has us'd me ſcurvily, and I'll bear it no longer; zookers, my Blood riſes at her damnably,—— I'll lay her Toppings in the Duſt, come on't what will; ſhe may be as bald as you, for ought I know, Father, when her Toppings are off; Let me come to her, 'zooks, now my Blood's up, I've as deviliſh a Spirit as ſhe, as a Man may ſay.

Bias. No, prithee Brother *Solon* let her alone for this time; hark'e in thy Ear, when I've Married her, I'll revenge thee, and beat her my ſelf.

[*Exit Lady* Subtle.

Beren. You had better all take good Advice, and be gone; you have heard, I ſuppoſe, the reaſon of her Anger, Sir *Philip* has chous'd her of her Writings to day, and in the Humour ſhe's in, 'tis ten to one but ſhe does ye ſome miſchief or other.

Sir *Law.* The Writing's gone, and ſeventy thouſand Duckets,—— Come away, *Bias*, thou ſhalt not have her now if ſhe would have thee.

Enter Lady Subtle *with a Piſtol.*

L. Subt. Where are theſe Triumvirate of Fools now? You Bully Sneak, with your Brother Coddle-ſcull, and old Father ſtupid here, get you off my Ground, or I will uſe you ſo like Crows, Magpies and Jackdaws, I will do more than ever Providence did for ye,——I will put ſomething into your Heads, ſomething of weight, Puppies, not a word more, march [*Puſhes them all out, then turns to* Van Grin.] And now *Myn Heer Van Grin*,——laugh, come laugh now;—— Where's your Jeſt now, hah! thou baſe, thou ſordid cauſe of my Misfortunes, come give me a Jeſt for't, laugh, I ſay.

Van Grin. Sacrament, who can jeſt with a Piſtol-Bullet, I could not laugh, Madam, if you'd give me a Thouſand pounds, Faith and Troth.

L. Subt. Out of my ſight, thou Inſect, [*Puſhes him out, and throws the Piſtol on the Table.*
Oh, I ſhall grow Mad.

Beren. Nay then, ſuch Inſtruments as theſe, are not very convenient.

[Berenice *takes up the Piſtol.*

L. Subt. Mad, Mad, raving Mad.

Enter Sir Philip.

Sir *Phil.* And I ſo near ye, Madam, to claim your Griefs, and reconcile your Cares.

L. Subt. Is there an Impudence on this ſide Hell like this? I'll give y'a Welcome, Sir. [*Goes to take the Piſtol.*

Beren. Nay, not this way, Siſter, I muſt hinder ſuch rough Proceedings, and leave ye to make your party good with him what other way you pleaſe, draw his Sword I'm ſure he won't; and a Man carries no other weapons about him that can hurt a Widow, that I know of. [*Exit* Berenice.

Sir *Phil.* What in a fury, Widow, nay then thou art not fit for the good that I intend thee; I confeſs I had not the Confidence to viſit thee, without the Incouragement of Clarret, but three Bottles of excellent *Bourdeaux*,—— in this Pagan time where there is ſuch an Inundation of Sloe, Sider and Cherry, has made my Tongue ſo Elegant, and brought my Heart into ſo Amorous a Condition, that methinks I could even make Love to thee, for to ſay truth, thou look'ſt damnably provoking to day.

L. Subt.

L. Subt. 'Tis in vain to abuse him, therefore 'twill be Policy in me to dissemble; down swelling Heart, and Frowns convert to Smiles, and thou great Power that gav'st a Woman Cunning, let him not know the Rancor of my Heart, but surfeit with the flattery of my Tongue. [*Aside.*

Sir *Phil.* Sollid and thoughtful; nay, now I view your Eyes better, that downcast glance seems to discover Care; you have had no late loss, I hope, Madam, your Husband I count none, nor you neither, to my knowledge.

L. Subt. How poor a Vice 'tis in a Man of Sense t'insult o're Womens Weakness!

Sir *Phil.* How damn'd a one, 'tis in a hauty Widow to think her Sense excels all Humane kind!

L. Subt. Well, well, you have outwitted me.

Sir *Phil.* Miracle in Nature, outwitted thee, why is it possible? and canst thou own it too? nay then, I'll have it Chronicl'd, that she that in defiance of mankind, arm'd with sharp Wit, and shielded with true Pride, that never spar'd a Man in her Abuses, nor fail'd to jilt him if she knew he lov'd her, should in the bloom of all her flourishing Glory, yield up her Lawrels to Triumphant me.

L. Subt. Why do ye call me proud? were not my Actions natural? was't fit for me to offer you my Fortune, that thought my Person not worth treating for; What Woman of my Youth, nay, without Ostentation, not common Beauty too, nor least in Wealth, could bear a slight so poor; for tho' my Husband gave ye up my Fortune, there was Consignment too, of another Blessing to accompany the Money: But you turn Marriage-hater, and your neglect calls me old, wither'd, ugly; blame me not then for striving, tho' Successless, to dash your Pride, as you to humble mine.

Sir *Phil.* Ah, Widow, Widow, tho' I find your subtle Devil has par'd his Claws,——I am not now in humour to be tickl'd: Why did you jilt me, and receive another? answer that.

L. Subt. Why did you wrong me, and get another with Child before my Face? answer me that.

Sir *Phil.* Wrong you, why the Devil's in these Widows, they'll ingross all a Man has, before he has 'em, as well as after; wrong you! what because I had a mind to use a Sample of the Grain before the heap was to be delivered in the Market; must you call this a wrong?

L. Subt. A Mortal one; and if you are Generous, you'll right me now.

Sir *Phil.* With all my heart, and as I'm now free, and at liberty, I best can do thee Justice; which, should I marry thee, were most impossible; I need not tell ye why,——you know the reason.——Come, let's retire.

L. Subt. Go, y'are a Devil.

Sir *Phil.* You are but a Widow yet; all in good time, that Title may be alter'd too.

L. Subt. Why dost thou rail at Marriage so, thou Monster?

Sir *Phil.* Because I hate it, Child, that's all the Reason.

L. Subt. Abhorr'd Impiety, to hate a Sacred Ordination, allow'd by the most Knowing of all Ages.

Sir *Phil.* A gross mistake, 'twas first devis'd for Interest by Sapless Dotards, form'd a Law, that their dull First-born Blockheads might inherit; the generative Faculty should be free, the Spirit's pall'd when 'tis confin'd to Duty, Restive and stupid, and the Product's answerable; of Old the Worthies never came by Marriage, the Bravest and the Wisest were all Bastards; besides, from marrying a Widow, Heaven defend me.

L. Subtle.

L. *Subtle.* A Widow, Sir, why what's a Widow?

Sir *Phil.* Why, a meer Fripperer, or Broker's Shop, that's fain to fell her Wares at ſecond hand; yet toils to paſs 'em off to Fools for new; one that's ſo very knowing, that ſhe'd baulk a Youngſter, and in Love's buſineſs give ſuch violent Inſtructions, 'twould break the heart of a young Fool to follow; no, if I do forego my happy freedom, which, 'till I dote, I think I never ſhall; the Grape ſhall firſt be preſs'd by my own hand, I'll never take the ſqueezings of another, I'll have a Maid, that's certain.

L. *Subtle.* A Maid, thou Coxcomb, I'm aſham'd of thee, doſt thou pretend to be a man of ſence, Learn'd in the Mathematicks of Intreague, and chooſe an ignorant raw aukward Maid before a Skilfull Widow, oh ſtupidity! Go to the Garden, take green Gennitings, and ſet thy teeth an edge thou codled Coxcomb; or ſhall I fetch thee ſome green Goosberries, and ſend a Maid to keep thee Company; a whitely thing juſt wean'd from Jointed Baby, that opens mouth to eat, but can ſay nothing; ſuch traſh as this is the beſt fruit for Fools; a Widow, like the bluſhing velvet Peach, by Summer ripened, to indulge the taſte, is a Regalia for a Man; Maids, green crude ſtuff, and only fit for Boys.

Sir *Phil.* 'Tis very fine, a Lady of your Beauty and your Fortune, oh how this witty Railery becomes, well then, Boy as I am, I'll ſhew one manly ſign, I'll manage the Writings wiſely, that I'm reſolv'd on. [*Enter* Berenice.

Beren. Sir *Philip* I'm ſure can do nothing, but like a man of Honour.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, cry ye mercy, Madam, and Sence too, I hope, therefore thus humbly take my leave.

Beren. Nay, but pray ſtay a little, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Not for the World, Madam, the Widow has ſo maul'd me already with her great Cannon, that ſhould I ſtay to engage with your ſmall ſhot, I ſhould have more holes in me, then a *Dutch* Man of War had in the laſt Engagement; and therefore, to bring my Simile a little nearer home, like a Cock that's over-match'd, I intend to ſhrink from the Pit before my eyes are peck'd out.

Beren. Your eyes, why what d'ye take us for, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* Two of the greateſt Rarities of your kind; two that ſhall rally a Maſt to death in an hours time, without putting your ſelf out of breath for't. [*Runs out.*

Beren. This is one of the oddeſt humours! what, I warrant you have been ſevere with him?

L. *Subtle.* No, hang him, I broke out only a little at laſt, when he was preferring a Maid before me; I ſmother'd my rage 'till then, tho' I confeſs with as much pain as if I had had a fit of the Stone, for he gave me not a word of ſatisfaction about the Writings——he deſigns to ſtarve me, I'm confident, if the Law don't relieve me.

Beren. Nay, nay, no ſtarving Siſter, you have yet a hundred pound a year to live on.

L. *Subt.* What's that? I muſt put down my Coach, Child, is not that ſtarving a Widow?

Beren. Next door too't, I confeſs, as the humour of the Times are.

L. *Subtle.* Ah! I had rather be without meat and drink a thouſand times. Well, ſure this Devil won't poſſeſs him always, one happy minute muſt be mine at laſt, which to be ſure of, what would I not attempt, what to obtain her Ends, would not a Woman do?

Would Fortune once my working Brain inſpire,
I'de plunge through deepeſt Sea, or fierceſt Fire,
Hazard my Life, nay Soul, to compaſs my deſire. [*Exit.*

Beren. Nay, on my Conſcience, if there is a way left, thou wilt conjure, but thou wilt have it, that I'll ſay for thee. Well, what News now? [*Enter* Comode.

Comode. My Lady *Bumfiddle* ſends ye word that my Lord *Brainleſs* gives the Muſick at her Lodgings this Afternoon, before they go to the *Park*, and deſires your Company.

Beren. Well, I'll go, becauſe I know I ſhall meet my Tarpawlin there, whom I have made ſo angry, that I believe he could beat me with as good will, as a Saylor that diſobey'd his orders; 'tis all one, I am reſolv'd to try him throughly, before I come under his hatches, there will be hours enough to beg his pardon, if ever I give him an advantage over me.

The time of Wooing is a Woman's own,
But when ſhe's Married once, her time is gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Bumfiddle's* Lodgings.

Enter Callow *and* Margery, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Callow. Ah! dear creature, how much am I oblig'd to Fortune for this lucky minute, that gives me the bleſſing of meeting her alone, whom I love beyond all the Univerſe, ſink me!

Margery. You love me, yeth I warrant ye, for what pray?

Callow. For thy ſelf, my Dear, thy Innocence and Beauty has ſo charm'd my heart: her Money I mean; that I never am at reſt, my Soul, but when I am with thee. [*Aſide.*

Marg. Oh Lord, well then, donth queeth my hand tho.

Callow. Oh! every part of thee is ſo charming to me, that burn me, 'tis impoſſible for me to ſubſiſt without thee. The *Philly* can ſtand ſtill, I ſee, when ſhe is without Company. [*Aſide.*

Marg. Why what d'ye mean to do? you won't Raviſh me, will ye?

Callow. I believe ſhe puts me in mind on't on purpoſe, rot me, [*Aſide.* Raviſh thee, ho, no, only a kiſs from thy pritty Lips, or ſo, my Dear ſweet Hony-ſuckle; nay, nay, no frowning now, nor drawing back, for I muſt do it, therefore—— [*Kiſſes her.*

Marger. What d'ye make all this buſtle for, why don't you then?

Enter Darewell.

Darew. Oh, Lieutenant, you are a happy Man, I ſee.

Marger. Oh Lord, the Captain, what ſhall I do now? } *Spets, and ſpeaks as in a rage to* Callow.
Pugh, pugh, well, as I hope to be thav'd I'll tell my Father, and my Aunt, tho, I will, that I can never live in quiet for ye; that you are every day teithing, and by your good will would be kitking me every minute; when you know I hate you as I hate the Devil, and with you were hang'd upon our Mulbury-Tree in the Garden, with all my heart; like a thilly ugly, nathly, pimping, cowardly, tholdierly, ratbcally, puppily Fellow ath ye are, to dare to affront me ſo. [*Exit.* Margery.

Darew. 'Dſlife, what's the meaning of all this rage? ſhe ſtood tame enough to my thinking, when I came in.

Callow. Ay, and would again, if we were alone; 'tis the nature of this ſo of Cattle to be skittiſh, and Rail before Company, but they'l ſtand as ſtill in a Corner,

Corner, as a Town Whore (got with Child by ſome poor Bully) will to a rich Country Squire, that ſhe intends ſhall father it: I muſt after her, for I like her Six Thouſand Pounds better than my Commiſſion, faith, Captain. [*Exit* Callow.

Darew. Faith I believe thee, as do a great many more of thy Effeminate ſort——But ſtay, where is my jolly Lady all this while, and the Company? ſure I han't miſtook her time; oh! are you there, Madam? [*Enter* Berenice.

Darew. Nay, you ſhall hear me now, and I muſt rail at ye or my heart will break; call ye ungrateful, proud, falſe, and unnatural, not only to abuſe an honeſt Fellow that loves ye, but glory and perſiſt in't——Heav'n, what could you mean by this Letter, this abhor'd Invective? [*In a ſoft tone.*

Beren. This Letter has ſtuck in his throat worſe than a Ship-biſket.

Darew. Well, what amends for this? What ſatisfaction? ſhe ſeems good natur'd now, and ſorry for what's paſt, this may be the Critical minute. [*Aſide.*

Beren. I am more ſorry, Sir, then you can deſire, and if you'd pleaſe, to name your ſatisfaction.

Darew. This is as I could wiſh, I ſee t'has touch'd her nearly. [*Aſide.*

Beren. I beg your Pardon, Sir, with all my heart, and what elſe you'll honourably Command.

Darew. Only your love, dear Madam, that's the Prize I value beyond Empire.

Beren. 'Tis yours from this hour, Sir.

Darew. My Soul, Life, Heart, Blood——Ah Pox o' theſe Intruders, juſt in the nick too, when I ſhould have clench'd the Nail I have been ſo long a driving——ah! 'tis impoſſible to proceed, now they come like a deluge.

Enter L. Bumfiddle, L. Hockley, Mrs. Bandy, and *Mrs. La Pupſey,* with her Lap-Dog.

L. Bum. Boy, bid 'em make ready the Tea, and ſet the Diſhes in order: My Dear, your humble Servant, how d'ye good Captain, what ſo cloſe together, nay, then there's ſomething more in the wind; I muſt know, you'll never thrive in't elſe, Captain; hark'e, a word in your ear.

Darew. So, now ſhall I be toſs'd by the tempeſt of her tongue, worſe than ever I was by a ſtorm in the Bay of *Biſcay.* [L. Bum. *whiſpers* Darewell.

L. *Hock.* I vow, Mrs. *La Pupſey,* I never look upon your fine Dog, but it ſets me almoſt a crying; I had the fineſt *Bologna* Shock was drown'd t'other day, that, oh my Soul, ever lay in Lap; I carried him to the *Park* every night with me, the Creature had ſo ſweet a breath, that I vow I miſs it ſtrangely.

Bandy. 'Tis a delicate pretty rogue indeed, now my Mother is ſo croſs, ſhe'll let me have nothing to play with; I did but deſire t'other day to buy a little Monkey for my Chamber, and flying out into a Paſſion, ſhe ſwore a great huge Oath, I had as lieve thou ſhouldſt have a Man there.

La. Pup. Go *Dony,* go to my Lady, and kiſs her, and love her, that's my ſweet Creature.

L. *Hock.* Come, dear *Jewel,* come—— [*Takes the Dog.*

La. Pup. Did you ever ſee a thing ſo modeſt, and ſo ſhy in your life, Madam? there's no Courting him to a Wife; I have been this three Months making a Match for him, and could never get him in humour.

L. *Hock.* Fye, that's a mighty fault, indeed.

La. Pup. Then, Madam, of all Creatures Heterogeneal, he is the moſt——Cleanly,——no Mange, nor ever impetiginous in the leaſt;——then he's a Miracle for his diſtinction in Philanthropy, he has an entire love for our Party; he

knows my Humour to a Hair; he'll not come near the Tarpawlin Captain, yonder, becauſe he's a *Williamite*, 'tis a wonder to tell ye, but the Creature has a ſtrange averſion for this Government.

L. Hock. Alas, all the Ingenious part of the Nation have ſo, Madam.

Bandy. Well, I'vads I will have a Dog then, let my Mother ſay what ſhe will;——I believe it teaches her to talk ſo, for I never heard ſuch fine words in my life. [*Aſide.*

Darew. Faith, Madam, all that I can find by your long whiſpering, is, that you have a mind to dine with me to morrow.

L. Bum. Why, what a blunt Aſs art thou?——to tell me of Dining with thee; Dine with thy Miſtreſs, Fool, and let me be by to put in a word for thee, if thou'rt wiſe;——depend upon me, I know her Humour to a Scruple, and if thou takeſt my Counſel, thou ſhalt have her:——Do I talk of Dinners now?——'tis true, a good fat Haunch of Veniſon, boyl'd with Colliflowers, would do well to piddle over:—— Eating together begets Love: 'Twas my Husband's Veniſon more than himſelf, that firſt won my Heart, as I'm a Proteſtant.

Darew. Well then, Madam, ſince you will be concerned in my Affair, be ſure y'are Induſtrious.

L. Bum. Keep up thy Intereſt with me, thou ſhalt have her, Boy.

Enter L. Brainleſs, *Singers, Muſick, and Dancers.*

L. *Brain.* Oh, Madam, your Ladyſhips moſt humble Servant, yours, yours, dear Ladies, and your moſt obedient Slave, dear, ſweet, pretty *Dony*; gad I beg your Pardons, all, for being thus tardy; oh, how do's my dear Captain too? why this is a piece of a Miracle to find thee a-ſhore, and eſpecially amongſt the Ladies, where Muſick is going forward, for I know thou hateſt all theſe Effeminate Inſtruments, hark'e, ſhall I ſend to the *Tower*, and borrow two or three pieces of Canon to entertain thee, ha, ha, ha.

Darew. Coxcomb.—— [*Aſide.*

Beren. Wou'd they wou'd haſte and begin; that grim ſurly look of the Captains, will put us all out of Humour, elſe; what a Face is there, with a grimace as ſower as if the Surgeon were juſt putting him on a Wooden-Leg.

Darew. The Devil it is,——well, I hope you like it; however, Madam.——

Beren. I like it, I like the Face upon that Fiddle there, better by half; I like it,——ha, ha, ha, ha.

Darew. But, Madam, Madam.

Beren. Oh, none of your Culverin Shot here, good Captain, you had better uſe it againſt the *French* at Sea.

Darew. Damn her, ſhe's got into one of her old freaks again.

L. *Bum.* Words of courſe, words of courſe, Fool, apply thy ſelf to me; I tell thee, I'll do thy buſineſs; hark in thy ear, get the Veniſon ready.

La. Pup. Why, ſure the Gentleman can't be ſo deſipient, to take any thing ill that a Lady ſays; Railery from a Woman, though never ſo ſevere, ſhould be ſupported by every man of Senſe with generous Equanimity.

Darew. Oh, good Madam, be pleas'd to Cramp your Dog there, with your hard Phraſes, and let him lick you an anſwer, how you pleaſe; or go and puzzle my Lord there, any one but me I beſeech ye.

La. Pup. Lick me an Anſwer, come Sir, I muſt tell ye, your Diſcourſe has no Concatination in't, 'tis all blunt and disjoynted, and, as my Lord ſays, your Soul

is

is very unmuſical, that I believe you never knew a Diaphony from a Diapaſon.

Darew. Nay, nay, I'll not be tongue-worried now, I've a remedy for't.——[*Exit.*

Bandy. Well, I ſwear I could live and dye with this *La. Pupſey*, if it were only to hear her talk.

L. *Hock.* She excells me, I think in the Caſſicks, but I was always accounted much the beſt Natural Philoſopher.

L. *Brain.* Come, Madam, now I will preſent you with my own Compoſition, which I lately told ye of, wherein I envy the joys of that happy Creature, your Dog, and paſſionately bemoan my own Infidelity; I was extreamly Melancholly when I writ it.

La. Pup. Where's your bow down to the ground, *Dony*? Your Lordſhips moſt humble Servant, ſays he. [*Enter Boy with Tea.*

L. *Bum.* My Lady *Hockly*, wilt have any Tea? Mrs. *Berenice*, prithee come and ſit by me.

Beren. 'Tis for my Inſtruction, I know, Madam,——now has ſhe ſome ſmutty Joke or other to whiſper me. [*They ſit down all.*

Ay,——'tis as I ſaid. [*L.* Bum. *whiſpers.*

La. Pup. Come, my Lord, now your own, I beſeech ye, I know it muſt be extraordinary.

L. *Brain.* With all my Heart; you muſt know Ladies, I call it *Celadon*'s Complaint againſt Monſieur *Le Chien*; 'tis writ like a Man of Quality, when the next new Play comes out: I intend to give it the Poet, to ſhew 'em the right way of making a Song: Hem, hem,——

The SONG of *Monſieur Le Chien.*

I.

GReat Jove *once made Love like a Bull*;
With Læda *a Swan was in vogue*,
And to perſevere in that Rule,
He now does deſcend like a Dog;
For when I to Silvia *would ſpeak*,
Or on her Breaſt ſigh what I mean;
My Heart-ſtrings are ready to break,
For there I find Monſieur Le Chien.

II.

For Knowledge in Modiſh Intrigues,
Or managing well an Amour,
I deſie any one with two Legs,
But here I am Rival'd by four:
Diſtracted all night with my wrongs,
I cry, Cruel Gods——what d'ye mean,
That what to my Merit belongs
You beſtow upon Monſieur Le Chien.

III.

For Feature or Niceneſs in Dreſs,
Compare with him ſurely I can;
Nor vainly my ſelf ſhould expreſs,
To ſay I am much more a Man;
To the Government firm too, as he,
(The former I cunningly mean)
And if he Religious can be,
I'm as much ſure as Monſieur Le Chien.

IV.

But what need I publiſh my parts,
Or idly my Paſſion relate;
Since Fancy that Captivates Hearts
Reſolves not to alter my Fate:
I may Sing, Caper, Ogle, and Speak,
And make a long Court auſi bien,
And yet with one paſſionate lick,
I'm out-rival'd by Monſieur le Chien.

L. Bum. Very pretty truly, my Lord.

La. Pup. Pretty, 'tis incomparable, I ſwear, your bow to my Lord down to the ground agen, *Dony.* [*She bows, the Dog of Lord bows too.*

L. Brain. No, faith, there's no great matter in 'em; tho' the Conceipt, truly, I think is new; but now, Madam, in purſuance of *French* Gallantry, I hope to have the honour to ſee the particular entermainment you promiſed.

[*Goes and talks to* La. Pupſey.

Beren. Strike up Muſick.

A Scotch SONG.

I.

BOnny Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down;
Tho' blith are thy Notes they have now no power:
Whilſt my Joy dear Peggy *is gone,*
And wedded quite fro me will love no more.
My gud Friends that do ken my grief,
With Songs and Stories, a Cure would find:
But alas, they can bring no relief,
For Peggy *ſtill runs in my mind.*

II.

When I Viſit the Park or the Play,
They aw without Peggy *a Deſart ſeem;*
She's before my Eyes aw the Day,
And aw the long Night too, ſhe haunts my Dream.
Sometime fancying a Heaven of Charms,
I wake, and Rob'd of my dear delight,
Find ſhe Lies in anothers Arms:
Ah then 'tis ſhe kills me outright.

III. *Take*

III.

Take my Counſel aw you that love well;
Beſtow Love and Wit on a Girl of Senſe:
No ſuch Bleſſing to Peggy *befel,*
'Twas ignorance caus'd her abſurd offence.
She could pray with an humble face;
And look as ſhe never falſe could be:
But had ſhe own'd either Wit or Grace,
She never had wedded fro me.

L. *Bum.* Ah, ſweet Mrs. *La Pupſey*, what would I give to do as much; here, prithee take ſome Tea, 'tis good now y'are hot.

La Pup. Tea, Madam, 'tis burnt Brandy.

L. Bum. Why, that's all the Tea in Faſhion, now, Fool.

L. Brain. Come, let's go to *Brightsbridge* Garden to Coole; Ladies, I'll retire and dreſs, and wait on you there inſtantly; there will be all the World this fine Evening.

L. Bum. 'Tis very true, as I'm a Proteſtant: come then, my dears, let's go?

La Pup. Come, *Dony*, abroad, abroad, *Dony*, kiſs me, ye dear Jewel,——kiſs, kiſs.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter Sir* Philip *and* Lovewel.

Sings. *Did you not promiſe me*, &c.

Love. Can you revoke your Promiſe then, can you be ſo ungrateful?

Sir *Phil.* Prithee, my dear, no more, that I will always love thee, thou may'ſt aſſure thy ſelf.

Love. Love me, and keep me like a Slave diſhonour'd thus, 'tis moſt impoſſible, no, if you'd have me believe you have the leaſt Compaſſion for me: perform your Promiſe, and take me for your Wife.

Sir *Phil.* My wife, then I ſhould never love thee more.

Love. Have I not purchas'd thee with Toyl and Study, paid with my Labour and induſtrious Wit, a Ranſom for repeal of my Diſhonour, nay, brought ye a Fortune too beyond your hopes, the beſt Inducement to a Marriage ſtate, and d'ye forget me? fye, Sir, indeed you muſt not, you know y'are mine by bargain.

Sir *Phil.* And will perform it to thee the beſt way, by a free, vigorous and active love, nay, if I fail thee, Child, then I were ungrateful indeed.

Love. You never can perform, unleſs you marry me.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, I warrant thee, Child, I warrant thee.

Love. You know I love you much beyond my Life; you know what's due to a Vow of Honour; and tho' my tender years, and too fond Heart, charm'd by your Merit, and your graceful Perſon, was won too ſoon at firſt: I cou'd not doubt your Vows, and was innocent of doing wrong, as fearleſs of receiving it from you.

Sir *Phil.* 'Dsheart, with naming Marriage, gad thou haſt alſo made me keck already: oh, I ſhould make a damn'd confounded Husband; I am like thoſe that cannot ſleep with Doors and Windows ſhut, if I want Air I ſuffocate: beſides, is it not better to come to thee, wanton and brisk, and aiery as a Bird, to hop into thy Boſom, Sing and Bill, then fly away, ſoon after come again, pruning my ſelf in welcome Liberty, than be confin'd to moulter in a Cage, and batten in the Excrement of Marriage?

Love.

Love. Does this Conſideration Countervail my being a Whore, and my dear Boy a Baſtard?——

Sir *Phil.* A Baſtard, why he's the more like to be a Hero, I hope; I was a Baſtard my ſelf.

Love. No, you deſign, I ſee, to break my Heart: ah barbarous Man, how can you be ſo Cruel? have I not always been moſt faithful to ye? can there be any Virtue in a Wife, which I'de not hourly practice to oblige ye? nay, do me but this Juſtice, you ſhall find, I'll be the deareſt humbleſt of your Creatures: Say, think, do what you pleaſe, I'll be obedient, never repine or grumble at your Actions, nor ſay you wrong me, tho' you give cauſe; never expect the Pleaſures that Wives covet, to gad abroad, and Riot in rich Clothes, but ſit at home all day like a Houſe-Dove, and if I have you there be glad and merry, if not, with throbbing Heart be ſtill and Patient—my Eyes ſhall watch, which if ſome drops ſhall fill I'll dry 'em up juſt as I hear you coming, and meet my Love ſtill with a face of Joy.

Sir *Phil.* Pretty Rogue, prithee no more of this ſad ſtuff,——thou madeſt me ſick juſt now with talking, and now thou makeſt me melancholly.

Love. Upon my Knees I beg.

Sir *Phil* Oh fie, this carrying the humour on ſo far, will make me Angry, you know my Humour, and 'tis unalterable,——I'll provide for ye well, and you in reaſon ſhould deſire no more; and now our buſineſs is done,——you ſh ll come away from Sir *Lawrence* to morrow,——but not a word more of this ſtuff, as you tender my Diſpleaſure.——Marry, in the Devils name, 'dsdeath I'm all over in a cold Sweat at the thought on't. [*Exit Sir* Phil.

Love. Baſe and perfidious, haſt thou then deceiv'd me, is there no truth nor honour in the Sex, no Balmy Cure for betray'd Innocence too fondly truſting in deceitful Man?—Ah, no, I find there is not, let Cunning then, the Woman's never failing Art aſſiſt me; once more I'll ſet my fruitful Brains to work,——fawn, wheedle, lye, and ſeem to be pleas'd, as if he really had kept his Promiſe: hah, 'tis hatching here already, and I hope 'twill proſper, to redreſs ſuch a wrong every juſt Power will aid me:

The very *Indian* Heathens hate this Ill,
They never promiſe more than they fulfill:
If any Virgin does her Humour truſt
Her Tawny Lover, tho' he's rude is juſt:
But our worſe Heathens here conſpire our Ruin,
And make a jeſt of a poor Maid's undoing. [*Exit.*

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter Sir Lawrence, Solon *and* Bias.

Sir *Lawr.* FOR an old Courtier that has liv'd in four Kings Reigns, ſeen three Crown'd, and had a ſtrong hand in the late Revolution, who, tho' he has got nothing, has ſpent an Eſtate amongſt 'em, and that's good ſign one of a Courtier, to find in his latter days ſuch a dearth of good Manners, as to ſee himſelf affronted, and his Progeny baffled, by a cleft Canibal, a Woman; it has not only given me the Spleen, but methinks I have upon me, the Gout, the Stone, the Sciatica, and all the Diſtempers incident to Human frailty, through mere vexation by the Parliament.

Bias. Well, let it be as it will, I'll be a Man or a Mouſe I'm reſolv'd on't, I will have a Wife ſomewhere or other, now my mind is ſet on't, let the Widow be as Muſty as ſhe pleaſes——what, any Man that will Marry need not want a Wife in *London* ſure.

Sir *Lawr.* No Boy, I've another in my Eye for thee, I look upon this ſenceleſs haughty Minx that abus'd us, as upon a thing of nothing, and now ſhe's baffled of her Writings, a thing that has nothing, nor ſhall deſerve our further trouble; for a Widow without Money, is like a Purſe without it, when once ſhe is empty ſhe in not worth wearing.

Solon. True, Father, or like a Nut that's Maggot-eaten, when this Kernel's gone once, the Shell is not worth cracking, as a Man may ſay.

Sir *Lawr.* By the Parliament, and that's well ſaid, *Solon*, I ſee this Boy has his Wit by fits and girds, as Women have their good Humours——gad, one of the old Patriarchs could not have ſpoke a wiſer thing than that now.

Bias. There's another Widow that I know of, that I believe has a Months mind to me, and I'll go and ſtrike her up ere long; 'yfaith I'll make but few words with her, not I; if they wont when they may, they may let it alone for *Bias*, —— 'tis the Widow *Hockley* I mean, I believe you know her, old Gentleman.

Enter Pimpwell,

Bias. How now,——What would this Woman have, 'tis all one, I'll have a ſmack at her, faith, I'll give her a touch to remember me by, { *Goes and kiſſes her rudely.*

Pimp. Rude ill-bred Fellow.

Sir *Law.* Ha, ha—— Did you ever ſee ſuch a Mettled Rogue, this is ſo like me in my young days, I have done as much to my Mothers Dairy-Maid many a time in the Corn-field at home.

Bias. Nay, never frown nor call names for the matter, here are Lads of mettle, I can tell ye but that.

Pimp. Prethee Fool be quiet, I have nothing to ſay to thee, my buſineſs is to this Gentleman. { *Goes to* Solon, *he ſhrinks back.*

Solon. Me forſooth, why I don't know ye not I, as a Man may ſay.

Bias. Give her a ſmack, *Solon*, don't let her prate, give her a ſmack, I did Boy.

Pimp. Sir, tho' I'm a ſtranger t'ye, I ſuppoſe you know my Miſtreſs, Madam *Berenice.*

Sir *Law.* Humph, *Berenice.*

Pimp Who knowing ye to be in the Garden, ſends word by me, that ſhe deſires to be happy in your good company.

Bias. Smack her, I ſay, *Solon.* Come, I'll ſhew thee the way. [*Goes towards her.*

Sir *Lawr.* 'Dsheart, let her alone, Sirrah. Madam, your moſt humble Servant—my Son ſhall wait upon her Ladyſhip inſtantly, and I beg your pardon heartily for t others rudeneſs, for to ſay the truth, he's drunk, Madam, ——I had no way but that to bring the Dog off. [*aſide.*

Pimp. I'm ſatisfy'd, Sir,——come, Sir, Will ye go?

Solon. Ay with all my heart. Really Madam, I'm overjoy'd, as a Man may ſay.

Bias. Gadzooks, why this *Solon*'s a lucky Dog now.

Sir *Lawr.* Lucky, ay: ——you had like to have made fine work, fie upon't: introth *Bias*, you muſt not be ſo rampant, you might have ſpoil'd your Brother's Fortune by't, by the Parliament you might, now I'm ſerious,——but go, d'ye hear, Comb your Peruke, and ſpruce your ſelf up, the new Widow will be here preſently, ſhe's to come with my Siſter *Bumfiddle* —— go go you'll find me hereabouts. *Exit* Bias.

Sir *Lawrene ſolus.*

Ah, many a nights reſt do theſe two Boys hinder me of, they're two ingenious Youths truly, at leaſt, if I may be Judge, eſpecially *Solon*, wherein I differ from other Fathers, who generally are fondeſt of the eldeſt Blockhead; now I am of the youngeſt: I have a Daughter too, but I think ſhe's ſecure enough from the Town-Fellows, for I have neither let her Write nor Read, becauſe ſhe ſhan't underſtand Love-Letters: humph, by the Parliament, here ſhe comes, and that ſame Rake-helly Lieutenant with her, [*Enter* Callow *and* Margery. if this skittiſh liſping Jade ſhould turn Whore now, before ſhe can read her Horn book—the Devil muſt be very ſtrong in her. I'll ſtand aſide and obſerve.

Callow To affront and abuſe your humble Servant ſo, my dear pretty Creature, without any reaſon, I ſwear it went to my Heart.

Marg. Why, What would you have me do when the Folks thee us, I'm tho aſham'd before company, I can't tell what to do, beſides, if my Father ſhould but know.

Sir *Lawr.* Which, the Devils in him if he ſhould, being ſo far out of the way—— [*aſide.*

Marg. He would never let me go abroad agen, for he hates I thould talk to a Man for fear I thould Marry, and oblige him to pay me a Porthion.

Sir *Lawr* Does he ſo, Oatmeal Face, I ſhall talk with you preſently. [*aſide.*

Callow. Thy Father, ah prithee don't name him, Child, as long as I have thee of my ſide, the old Fellow's but a Cipher beſides, I out-wit him always, I lead him by the Noſe when-ever I ſee him, Rot me.

Sir *Lawr.* Very good, there's an impudent Rogue too, he has an ignorant raw skittiſh Head, with a Flairing Comode on, and he's an Addle Blockheaded Bully, with a fluttering Scarfe on, they're a mighty fine Couple indeed.

Marg. Nay, piſh—now you ſqueeth me too hard agen, lord you make ſuch a Buſtle always, and do tho Ruffle and tumble ones Head with kithing one.

Callow. A thouſand Pardons my dear Rogue, that's well put in my Head faith. [*Kiſſes her.*

Sir *Lawr.*

Sir *Lawr.* Oh rare, rare doings! She can't ſpeak at home, nor won't let a Man touch her when ſhe's before me; but the Quean can bill like a Pidgeon, I ſee, now. [*aſide.*

Marger. O my Conſcience, for ought I thee you intend to marry me.

Callow. Marry thee; Ay, what elſe my dear Rogue.

Marg. O Lord, I ſhall never endure it, I ſhall cry my ſelf to death.

Sir *Lawr.* O hang ye—— [*aſide.*

Callow. What a plague does ſhe mean? I believe ſhe has a mind to have a touch before-hand, Sink me.

Marg. Beſides, my Father will kill me.

Callow. He, an Old Grizzle,——'Dslife I'd banter him to death in half an hours time; and if he ſhould but touch thee, I would give him a fillup with my two Fingers, that ſhould knock him as flat as a Battle-Ax, Burn me.

Sir *Lawr.* Why then Sirrah, there's a fillup to provoke ye —— Come Draw, Bully, Draw——— I will cut your Throat elſe, by the Parliament I will, I can Swear as well as you, Dogbolt.

Callow. 'Dsheart, Sir *Lawrence* here; what ſhall I do now?

Marg. My Father! Now the Devil take all ill Luck —— I muſt take his part——— Do, do, Father——Beat him, thwinge him, break his Bones, cut his Throat, for I can never be quiet for him, like a deboath'd, drunken, doltiſh, dunderheaded, detheitful, damn'd, deviliſh Dog, as he is, to teith me tho.

Callow. So, ſo; She's in the old ſtile again ——— I ſhall be worried between 'em if my Legs don't befriend me——— [*Runs out.*

Sir *Lawr.* A Cowardly Raſcal; what is he gone? ——— Here's a fine Scarſe-Officer for ye, ——— if they ſhould chance to be all ſuch, we ſhould beat the French finely; we ſhould have a ſpecial Army by the Parliament.

Marg. I believe, Sir, I have forwarned the Fellow above a Thouſand times tho I have.

Sir *Lawr.* Oh, very likely; that made you cry, O Lord you make thutch a Buthle, and do tho Ruſſle ones head with kithing one,———Hah, you lithping Quean you:—— But I'll manage you I'll warrant you.—— Come Huſſy, come along with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Philip, Darewell, *and* Van Grin.

Van Grin. You never ſaw ſuch a Fellow as I am in your life, Captain, for the more the Widow Rail'd, the more I Laugh'd, ha, ha, ha, till ſhe fetch'd out the Piſtolls, and then ſhe made me as mute as a Fiſh faith; for you know there was no Jeſt in that; but till then, ha, ha, ha, ha, you would have dy'd with Laughing, Jeſt after Jeſt, Hit after Hit, Joke after Joke, ſouſe upon her, as faſt as Hops, you never ſaw ſuch a fellow in your life, Faith and Troth.

Darew. No the Devil take me not I, nor any one elſe, I believe.

Sir *Phil.* I'll diſcover my ſelf to the Fool, 'twill add to the Jeſt.

Darew. No, prithee, not yet; let him go on a little further.

Van Grin. But the Deviliſh Jeſt of all was, that I ſhould give the Writings, inſtead of the confounded Counſellor, to this plaguy Sir *Philip*, ha, ha, ha, ha, ——whom I never ſaw in my Life; but I hear he's the Devil of a Fellow.

Sir *Phil.* The Devil he is, and are you ſure you don't know him when you ſee him, *Min Heer Van Blunderpate.*

Van Grin. Ha, ha, ha, ha——— [Grin *ſtares at him and Laughs*

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha, ha———

Van Grin. 'Tis ſo, 'tis he; Give me thy hand ye Devil you, hark ye you ſerv'd me a plaguy trick, ye young Dog, but I can't be angry with thee for the heart of me, ha, ha, ha, ha —— Well I'm in haſte now, but I muſt Crack a Bottle with thee ſome time or other, for I can't be angry faith, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit* Grin.

Sir *Phil.* No, ſo I find; ha, ha, ha.——

Darew. For fear of being beaten, ha, ha, ha,—— 'tis ſuch a grinning Puppy; and here comes another almoſt as bad; Oh my Lord, what you are hunting the Duck here, I ſuppoſe; Mrs. *La Pupſey* is in the next Walk, ſhe's div'd juſt before ye.

Enter L. Brainleſs *new Dreſs'd.*

L. *Brain.* A Pox take my *Valet du Chamber*, I ſhould have been here half an hour ago, if the Raſcal had Dreſs'd me ſooner: —— Prithee, Sir *Philip* how do'ſt like me, thou'rt a Man of Judgment; the Devil take me if I am not very much out of humour about it.

Sir *Phil.* Why, what would you have my Lord? here's the Brandenburgh's Cut to a Hair, I ſee: The Walks begin to fill, here's *Leviathan* coming, and the reſt of the fry, I ſhall be ſwallow'd if I ſtay, farewell: I'll go and ſit an hour with my little dear at home, and keep my word with her like a Man of Honour. [*Exit.*

Darew. I had a Command from my Lady of the *Lake* too, to attend, ſhe's ſomewhere in the Garden and I muſt follow her, tho' the dear damn'd Devil abuſes me perpetually: 'Slife here ſhe is—— hah——

[*Looks angerly on* Solon.

Enter Berenice, Solon, *and* La Pupley.

Sirrah, let go her hand, or I'll cut your Ears off before her Face.

Solon. I won't, no, tho' you could Roar as loud as a Cannon, as a man may ſay.

Darew. Why then I'll try if this can make ye, Raſcal. [*offers to Draw.*

Beren. Do, Draw if thou dareſt, thou Raſh, thou Cholerick Fool; draw but an Inch; nay, do but look as if thou wouldſt, by all the Saints above, I'll diſcard thee for ever.

Darew. Death, Hell, and Furies! you make me a mere Changeling.

Beren. Why, then I make you what you are; and ſuppoſe you are Commanded to Act an Aſs a little, will you refuſe it to oblige your Miſtreſs.

Darew. To Rank me with ſuch a thing as that, a Dolt, a Fool.

Solon. Fool in your Face, Sir. Gadzookers, Madam, ſtand by and ſee fair play; you ſhall ſee me give the Captain a Salt-Eel: 'Slid I'll not be baffled by ne'er a Water Rat of 'em all, for now my blood's up I'll cut and ſlaſh, or go to Loggerheads with him if he dares.

La Pupſ. Ha, ha, ha, This Fool will make rare ſport; I'll improve it.

Beren. D'ye hear, on my Conſcience he'll beat thee.

Darew. Oh Women, Women! what were Men born to ſuffer.

Beren. To call a Gentleman Fool, a Man of his rare Qualifications; you ſhall ſee a ſpice of his parts, come Dance, Sir.—— [*She Sings, he Dances awkwardly.* Dance any thing *Extempore.*—— There's a Lover for ye: So, now break a Jeſt, quick, quick, break a Jeſt.

Solon. A Jeſt; why I ſay the Captain will never take a French Prize at Sea; becauſe he's ſo ill at taking an Engliſh one aſhore: there's a Jeſt for ye.

Darew.

Darew. Sordid Puppy.

Beren. There's a Jeſt *Extempore*; that's more than the greateſt Wit in Town can do, by this Light, Captain.

Darew. Oons, d'ye call that a Jeſt.

La Pupſ. A Jeſt, Ay; and a good one too: Come now, Sir, as your laſt Tryal, Sing the Dialogue with me, that I ſhew'd you in the Arbor juſt now——Obſerve Captain.—— [*Here they both Sing.*

A DIALOGUE between *Solon* and *Berenice.*

Beren. DAmon, *if I ſhould receive your Addreſſes;*
What would you do to deſerve my Embraces?
Solon. *If my dear* Silvia *would favour my Paſſion;*
I would in faithful Love, Excel the Nation.
Beren. *I am Rich, Fair, and Young, Charming my Face is;*
What merit can you boaſt to gain ſuch Graces?
Solon. *I can Sing, Dance, Run, Leap, Wreſtle, and Tumble;*
And all the Day and Night be your moſt humble.
Beren. *Can you be patient, and Jealouſie ſmother,*
If you ſhould Chance to ſee me Kiſs another.
Solon. *I'm in good Nature all others exceeding;*
And well acquainted too with your Town breeding.
Beren. *Or if before my Time you find me ſwelling;*
Would you not grumble, nor think of Rebelling?
Solon. *I from my betters have learnt thoſe Expedients;*
And can by City Rule practiſe Obedience.
Beren. *Or if in Riot, Rich Cloths, or at Play ſtill,*
I laviſh Thouſands, yet would you Obey ſtill?
Solon. *In living great you would add to my Fame too:*
There's ſcarce a London *Wife but does the ſame too.*
Beren. *Take, Take my hand then, and ſtraight let's effect it;*
Thou art the very Fool I've long Expected.
Solon. *Let Fortune frown I can never miſcarry,*
For juſt ſuch Fools as I are all that Marry.

Beren. very good; What think you now, Sir? Is this accompliſh'd perſon a Fool? When will you do as much Captain?

Darew. Well I'm fated to be the Fool my ſelf; what would you have me ſay.

Beren. Then live and learn, I mean more manners, Sir, than to queſtion my behaviour; do that when you have power over me: Come, Sir.

Darew. 'Dsdeath, you won't walk alone with him.

Beren. Not alone with him; who told you ſo? Come worthy Sir.

Solon. Gadzooks this is the Cricketty Minute, as my Brother *Bias* calls it: Lord how the Captain looks! as a Man may ſay. [*Exeunt.*

Darew. Go and be dam'd; I'll plague my ſelf no more; but only this, I'll beat that Fellow, preſent her with his Noſe, and never ſee her after.

[*Exit* Darewell.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter L. Subtle. Lovewel.

L. *Subtle.* Then dear Sir, or dear Madam, for I yet ſcarce know what to call ye, I am ſo tranſported with what you have told me, Will you promiſe to be true to me?

Lovew. As your own Heart, Madam, you ſee before ye, a poor unfortunate Woman, abus'd beyond ſufferance, by that worſt of Monſters Sir *Philip*, the juſt Sence of which has rais'd my Spleen ſo high, that I will crack my Brain but be reveng'd, therefore once more aſſure your ſelf, that as for his ſake my Wit has us'd you ill, ſo for yours and my own, it ſhall make ample ſatisfaction.

L. *Subtle.* Get but the Writings back——I'le wear thee here, here next my Heart, where thou ſhalt grow for ever.

Lovew. I'll do't or dye——Have you ſeen Counſellor [illegible] we conferr'd laſt night together, he ſhould have been here this Mi[illegible]

L. *Subtle.* No, but have Fee'd him largely, not for hi[illegible] but to take thy Advice.

Lovew. And he has done it faithfully, he has contriv'd the rareſt new Deed about the Eſtate of Sir *Solomon*'s Uncle, that died at *Hamburgh*, that our witty Knight will be ſo puzzled about it, for I know his covetous Humor, and have accordingly fitted him; oh, here he comes, ſo Sir, you have diſpatch'd I ſee.

Enter Splutter *with a Deed.*

Splut. Ah Sir, you could not doubt that, when I was to ſerve ſo good a Client as my Lady, here's that will puzzle the Spark, or the Devil's in't, but if this trick ſhould fail, we have ſtill another Game to play with him, for then I'll adviſe my Lady to go on with her Writ of Cozenage, 'gad there we'll trounce him.

Lovew. No, prethee ſince Wit has begun, let Wit end it, and do thou but play thy part in bantring, as well as I have done in flatt'ring and fawning on him, 'tis impoſſible but we ſhould ſucceed.

L. *Subtle* Does he ſwallow that Pill finely?

Lovew. As I could wiſh, and now I don't touch upon Marriage, the lewd wretch is as kind to me, as he ſhould really have been; had he done me Juſtice, whilſt I degenerated by my wrongs, lie in his Arms and Plot like a true Jilt, and whilſt he kiſſes me, vow dire revenge,———Hark, the Garden Bell rings, 'tis he, all away to your Poſt, and Lawyer —— mind but your Cue, ne'r doubt the happy Iſſue, when I have finiſh'd the work this ſhall be the ſign. [*whiſtles. Exeunt.*

L. *Subtle.* And if there be a happy Star for Widows, ſhine clear now I beſeech thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Philip.

Sir *Phil.* How does my Bleſſing, what alone and melancholy, well, a pox take all Buſineſs I ſay, I had been with thee an hour ſooner, but that the Houſe of Commons ſate ſo late, that ——

Lovew. That you could not mind your Miſtreſs, for minding the weighty Affairs of State, hah——If I had not help'd him out, that Lie would have made him black in the Face. [*aſide.*

Sir *Phil.* Right Child, well but prethee, How go Affairs with the Widow, hah,

hah, and the old Musty Knight, hast thou taken thy leave?

Lovew. Speak softly, Sir, I have a Secret to tell ye.

Sir *Phil.* A Secret, prethee what is't, out with't;

Lovew, Come a little further from that Door there.

Sir *Phil.* That Door, Why what's the matter?

Lovew. Hush, softly I tell ye, hark in your Ear, Counsellor *Splutter*'s in the next Room.

Sir *Phil.* Counsellor *Splutter*, how so, nay your Footman can tell ye that he shew'd him up, for my part I absconded, twas not fit for me to be seen.

Sir *Phil.* But prethee can'st tell nothing of the business?

Lovew. Why, by what I over-heard, the Widow and he have had a difference about the Deed of the other Estate of Sir *Solomon*'s Uncle at *Hamburgh*, which is in his possession, in which it seems you have likewise a considerable share, and the stingy Widow not giving a good Fee, I suppose he's come over to your side,—so that you are like to wallow in good Fortune now——

Sir *Phil.* Dear dear lucky Rogue——'tis thou art the cause of all, and I will so reward thee—well, I'll go to him——

Lovew. Patience a little, Sir, there may be a trick in't, and he may chance to be a false Brother, and design to over-reach ye, now I have it in my Head, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* What, what, dear Rogue?

Lovew. As for your good, Sir, I am still contriving. [*Fawning on him.*

Sir *Phil.* Sweet, charming, precious, pr. hee go on.

Lovew That if this Lawyer should prove a knave, which you know is no miracle.

Sir *Phil.* No no, a Miracle, no no.

Lovew. And you two should differ about Proposals, being possess'd of the Deed, having power to wrong ye; to prevent all, I have contriv'd that you should lock me into the Closet here, then bring him in to discourse the business over, so that I hearing every word between ye, may be a good Evidence in case of Knavery:

Sir *Phil.* I gad, thou'rt in the right Child, why the Wit increases every Minute, it keeps no bounds, why this is the prettiest project to out-trick a Lawyer, here, get in quickly my dear, pretty Angel, faith thou tak'st too much care.

Lovew. All for you sake, Sir. [*Clapping his Cheek.*

Sir *Phil.* I know it, and will be grateful to thee my Delight, my Jewel—— there's no Service under Heaven that I would not do to oblige my Dear, Dear, Witty, Sweet Kind, Lucky.

Lovew. Will you Marry me, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* Ay,— goe go, prithee get into the Closet Child, I'm afraid the Man of Law will bolt in upon us, and then our Plot's spoil'd.

Lovew. D'ye keck still; I'll make ye glad to do't ere I have done with ye.

Sir *Phil.* So now, I'm recover'd from my Fit again, *He locks her into the Closet.* that plaguy word come always upon me, like an Eastern Wind, it blasts all my Joys in a moment,—— now to my Lawyer, I hope there's another Estate coming, I shan't want a Witness, and I'm resolv'd I'll make him bawl loud enough.

[*Exit.*

Re enter Lovewell, *with the Box of Writings, and Casket of Jewels.*

Lovewell. I have 'em once more, and to Sacred Fate, thus low I bow, with thanks for the Success: The Jewels too Man's glittering [*Opens the Casket*] damnation.

Now

Now Marriage-Hater, tho' I ſtill muſt be,
Unhappy in my wrong'd Virginity;
I'll keep thee poor, thus I'm reveng'd of thee, [*Whiſtles and Exit.*
I'll never pay thee for my Infamy.

Enter Sir Philip, *and* Splutter *with a Parchment.*

Sir *Phil.* Come Sir, here's a better light, pray ſpeak out; I'd not give three half pence a Motion from this Lawyer, he'd not be heard two foot off in *Weſtminſter Hall.* [*aſide.*

Splutter. She's gone, I heard the Sign, ——— [*aſide.*
Why truly, Sir, my Lungs are none o'th beſt——Ugh, Ugh—— [*Coughs.*
but I'll read as well as I can, Sir,——and if you are the Heir at Law to this Eſtate———

Sir *Phil.* Come, prithee begin; thou'rt a plaguy while about it;——— Come, this Indenture.

Splutter. This Indenture made the Fifteen Day of *Auguſt*, *Anno. Dom.* 1690.

Sir *Philip.* So, now he Mouths it like a right Lawyer; the Devil's in't if ſhe does not hear him now ——— [*aſide.*

Splutter. In the Third Year of the Reign———but hark ye; before I go any further let's ſee the Will, to know whether your Name is Right here, I'll not read a Word more till I ſee that; you may be the wrong Perſon for ought I know.

Sir *Phil.* Pox of his dilatory Impertinence; now muſt I go fetch the Writings out of my Cloſet.———How now, the Door open,——— ſure this Lawyer could not blow a Door open with his Bawling;— No, no, it may be I ſlipt the Lock; I hope all's well within. [*Exit.*

Splutter. I, much good may't do ye with the Neſt, the Birds are flown to my knowledge, and I'll after 'em; there's a Lawyers trick for ye. [*Exit.*

Re-enter L. Subtle *and* Lovewell.

L. *Subtle.* Haſt got 'em?

Love. Faſt, faſt, Madam; I've ſecured 'em for ye, where they ſhall never reach his Clutches more.

L. *Subtle.* Oh thou dear life of all my Joys to come; what ſhall I do to ſhew my Gratitude. ——— [*Embracing her.*

Enter Sir Philip.

Sir *Phil.* Robb'd, Cheated, Trick'd, Undone, by Heaven, not only the Writings gone, but Jewels too,—— A plague of this Lawyer, and the Female Devil that ſet him at Work, where are they now——— hah——

[*Sees L.* Subtle *and* Lovewell *Embracing.*

L. *Subtle.* My Dear, Witty, Obliging—— [*Kiſſes her.*

Sir *Phil.* The Widow here, nay then 'tis paſt Redemption; my Damnation is preparing and here are my Tormentors ready: Ah Fool, Fool, dull thoughtleſs Idiot.

L. *Subtle.* Now for my Game with him; I'll try what Wit he has, now Fortune turns the Scale—— Moſt Noble Sir, Charm'd with your Perſon, routed by your Wit; My Heart new Modell'd, and my Pride laid low, I'm contrary to Cuſtom come to Wooe ye; and tho' a Widow, a mere Brokers-ſhop, that as you ſay put off Stale Wares for New, muſt beg ye to take up with an Old Suit, and Marry me whilſt I am worth the wearing.

Sir *Phil.* Oh! ——— [*Groans.*

Lovew. Or if you think a broken Virgin Better, that is as good a Maid as you have left her, and can make ſhift to Dine on a poor Joynt, that you have made your Breakfaſt on before; Here I ſtand by you ready Cook'd and Dreſs'd, to be Cut up, Sir, by the Knife of Matrimony.

Sir *Phil.* So, there's two Broad Arrows gone through my ſhort Ribs already — ſuch another Attack and I'm gone.

L. *Subtle.* Tho' y'are poſſeſs'd of Seventy thouſand Duckets, a mighty Sum in Jewels too, yet, Sir, in Charity you know ——

Lovew. Tho' loaded with your new Eſtate, in *Hamburgh* too, Sir, you ſhould not ſlight poor me.

Sir *Phil.* Ah Plague upon ye.

L. *Subtle.* A young briſk Widow is no Purgatory, Sir.

Lovew. No, Sir, nor is the Property much alter'd in Virgins of my ſort.

Sir *Phil.* Ah, the Devil take your ſorts — there's no remedy, I ſhall be worried.

L. *Subtle.* Fie, fie, Sir, 'tis a ſhame to let us Court ye ſo, come, faith, ſay the word, ſhall we draw Cuts.

Lovew. A Short and a Long, Come, Sir, here's a ſlip of Parchment that ty'd the Box of Writings, this will do rarely. [*Takes up a ſlip of Parchment from the ground.*

Sir *Phil.* Ah ſtinging Devil.

L. *Subtle.* Ha, ha, ha,—he'll fall to my Lot, on my Conſcience.

Lovew. Nay, that's Injuſtice, he ſhould rather fall to mine to make amends for old ſcores, —— What ſay ye, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* Why, I ſay, that if ye don't both get ye inſtantly out of the Room, I ſhall beat ye.

L. *Subtle.* } Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Lovew. }

Sir *Phil.* A Plague on your Merriment, would the Devil had theſe Lodgings for being ſo near the Street, I'd try elſe if you would make another ſort of noiſe.

Lovew. That Lewdneſs has undone thee, impious Wretch, the ſcrowl of thy Offences are full numbred, and puniſhment purſues thy Guilt apace, canſt thou look on me and not bluſh to death to ſee the Innocence, thy Vice has ruin'd; for tho' by Perjuries and Oaths betrai'd, I ſweat I was ſo innocent of Ill, I thought all Love like mine, was Honourable.

Sir *Phil.* Wilt thou make me forget my ſelf, Wilt thou not be gone, thou Witch thou Devil? —— Confound 'em, What ſhall I do with 'em.

L. *Subtle.* Now Sir, purſue your Marriage-hating Humor, Men of great Fortunes may do what they pleaſe, —— Fool, thou ſhalt be my Days and Nights diverſion, I'll never eat but the Theme of all the Jeſts, ſhall be Sir *Philip's* Wit, Sir *Philip's* Humor, and when I go to Bed, my very Woman — viewing the Jewels, ſhall even burſt with Laughing, and cry out, Oh ſilly, ſilly, ſilly Marriage-hater.

Lovew. And when I come to th' ſport ——

Sir *Phil.* Why then a Legion comes, a thouſand thouſand, 'dsdeath, I ſhall draw upon 'em, if I ſtay, I've no patience left. [*Runs and locks himſelf into the Cloſſet.*

Lovew. Nay, I han't done with ye yet, Sir. [*Goes and Drums at his Door.*

L. *Subtle.* There's a Widow's Call to Marriage too, Sir, I know you love it dearly. [*Drums.*

Ob wretched Tribe, that dare that Law diſpute ;
Which does their Race diſtinguiſh from the Brute :
Luſt was a Chaos, till the Great Creator,
Confin'd to bounds, the Wilds of Human Nature ;
But this foul Beaſt as if of Bounds aſham'd,
Defying Marriage, chooſes to be Damn'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lovewel.

SUre there never was ſo fond a fool as I, now the heat of my paſſion is over, I can't for the heart of me forbear coming back to make him another Propoſal, he has us'd me barbarouſly, but then he has us'd me kindly too by fits, but then agen, the wrong he did me in getting me with Child, is inſufferable,—ay, but then agen, 'twas with my own conſent, but then 'twas monſtrous in him to refuſe to make me amends, ay, but how do I know but this laſt kindneſs may Convert him,——'tis no imprudence to try him once more, Heaven may have chang'd his Mind. Sir, Sir, — a word wee.—— [*Knocks ſofily.*

Enter Sir Philip.

Sir *Phil.* How now, How dar'ſt thou come back t'abuſe me, thou Sorcereſs, thou Thief, thou damn'd confounded plaguy Creature?

Lovew. Alas dear Sir, why do ye wrong me ſo?

Sir *Phil.* Dear Sir,——ah pox upon thee, dar'ſt thou mock me?

Lovew. Not I upon my Soul, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Or doſt thou come back for my Cloaths and Money, thou haſt not robb'd me enough, haſt thou, thou *Sybil.* ——Where are the Writings and the Jewels, Gipſey hah?

Lovew. Pray be not angry, Sir, I have 'em ſafe.

Sir *Phil.* Hah, Haſt thou 'em,——have a care of Lying.

Lovew. By all that's good I have, Sir, the Widow has not touch'd 'em yet.

Sir *Phil.* How's this,——What a plague, this little Witch did not take 'em by the way of frolick only, ſure, 'dsdeath unriddle this quickly, I'm impatient.

Lovew. You ſhall have 'em agen, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Hah, What ſayſt thou?

Lovew. You ſhall have 'em agen.——

Sir *Phil.* Shall I,——Where, When, How? 'dsdeath don't trifle with me.

Lovew. From me, Sir, from this Hand, this liberal Hand that gave away my Heart, ſhall give what you deſire.

Sir *Phil.* Then I'll believe thou lov'ſt me.

Lovew. But you muſt Marry, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Ugh, ugh, ugh.—— [*Coughs and Spits.*

Lovew. And that before-hand too, elſe I am off the Bargain.

Sir *Phil.* Art thou reſolv'dd to Murder me?

Lovew. Murder ye, fie, 'twill be a Health perpetual, all your life paſt has been perpetual hurry, laviſh and wild, 'tis time, Sir, now to ſettle.

Sir *Phil.* Settle, and Marry, So; there is, I remember, a third convenience belongs to't too.—— *Lovew.*

Lovew. You'll find your beſt Convenience is to do't Sir, take me, and take all; yet,— if not, Adieu t'ye, I ſhall make ſhift to ſave a Fortune out on't.

Sir *Phil.* Let me conſider, and ere I give my reſolution fully, ſum up the Catalogue of Marriage Evils.

Lovew. Do, Sir, whilſt I oppoſing anſwer with its Bleſſings.

Sir *Phil. Imprimis*, to Marry ones Stale Miſtreſs, ridiculous! —

Lovew. Not when your Fortune's ſunk, and ſhe brings ye Thirty thouſand pounds to build it up again.

Sir *Phil.* Secondly, to feed ſtill upon the ſame Dish, Morn after Morn, Night after Night.——— Egud, ——— [*Kecks.*

Lovew. Wholeſome, wholeſome; 'tis the variety of Kickſhaws that breed ſo many Diſeaſes.

Sir *Phil.* Thirdly, to be Forty times call'd Whoremaſter, is not half ſo Ignominous as one Cuckold,——— oh———

Lovew. Nor is the plague of Cuckoldom half ſo Nauſeous as that one Diſeaſe that attends the unfortunate Whoremaſter.

Sir *Phil.* Fourthly, to live like a Dog with a Bottle ty'd faſt to his Tail, or an Ape with a great Clog on; Oh Intolerable!

Lovew. Which you would never have done, if like an Ape you were not Miſchievous, or did not like an unlucky Curr run after other Mens Sheep.

Sir *Phil.* Then to have a uſeleſs Wife Puking — Ugh —— an Impertinent Nurſe a Snoring pugh —— And a little ſquab Brat a Bawling,———— ugh, ugh, ugh, ——— Oh the Devil, I ſhall fetch my Lungs up, I ſhall never endure it. [*Coughs.*

Lovew. Why then, Adieu, I'll never ask ye more, I am reſolv'd on't.

Sir *Phil.* Stay———— A lucky thought comes to me on the ſudden, which if it take Effect, ſecures me yet———[*aſide.* Come hither again, where did you leave the Widow.

Lovew. At the Streets end, with promiſe to come and deliver all up to her this Evening; and ſince you perſevere thus in Injuſtice, I am reſolved I'll do't,—— She's ſo overjoy'd that ſhe Intends to have the Muſick and a Maſquerade at her Lodging to Night; ſhe will be grateful to me tho' you wont.

Sir *Phil.* Come hither, thou haſt won me, I will do't.

Lovew. What? Marry me.

Sir *Phil.* Pox, prithee name it by ſome other word, a Thunderbolt is not ſo dreadful! the plaguy Black Coat, ſhall do the plaguy buſineſs, if that's ſufficient.

Lovew. 'Tis all I wiſh; oh, how my Heart beats for Joy, this is the happieſt Moment I e'er ſaw, ——

Sir *Phil.* I'll get a Parſon and in an hour be with ye; till when, adieu: Ah little did I e'er think to be Fool'd thus.

Lovew. Nor I to be ſo happy.———— [*Exit* Lovewell.

Sir *Phil.* Of what an odd kind of Compoſition is the Nature of Man:—— If Conſideration now could take place in me, I have no reaſon to deny doing Juſtice, to this pretty Creature, that is ſo kind, and can do me ſo much good; but on my Conſcience, my only cauſe of hating a Wife, is, becauſe it is convenient for me; and Marriage in thoſe of my humour, is juſt like Devotion, Lov'd and Practic'd the leſs, becauſe it is Enjoyn'd us; beſides, being out-witted by this little Devil has ſo nettled me, that I cannot forbear putting one Trick more upon her, tho' 'tis unreaſonable: Let me ſee, ſhe will be Married before ſhe

refunds,——— Very good; why ſhe ſhall,——— and I think I have a *Valet de Chambre* can perform the Office as well as any Prieſt in Chriſtendom; 'tis true, he's an Iriſhman, but a little ſenſe will ſerve to do ſuch a buſineſs.——— Hey——— *Mack-Buffle.*

Enter Buffle.

Buffle. Thy will, an't pleaſe thee.

Sir *Phil. Buffle*, ſince this four or five days that thou haſt been with me, I have received ſo good an Opinion of thy Wit, that I have now a project to Employ thee in.

Buffle. I ſhall take Care of it to the beſht of me Ability, if thou wilt be plain with me in the matter.

Sir *Phil.* Why *Mack*, I muſt be Married, and I would have thee do the Office for me: Can'ſt thou read the Service, and Act a Parſon rarely, hah?

Buffle. Ee warrant thee, for ee have a Brother that is in Order, and ee have ſeen him do it ſo often, that ee cannot miſtake.

Sir *Phil.* That's well ſaid, I'll fit thee with a Habit preſently, and then do it but Cunningly and be the glory of thy Country.

Buffle. I warrant thee, I warrant thee, my Father *Teg* was a cunning Scab before me.——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lovewell.

Lovew. Tho' to oblige my ſelf I muſt put this new Trick upon the Widow, yet I cannot in Conſcience but contrive ſomething to do her a kindneſs, and therefore reſolve to manage the Old Knight's Nephew, the *Flanderkin*, till he is fit for my purpoſe, one Minute will do it, and then away brisk to my own Sir *Philip*; Hark, I think I hear him already.——— [*Noiſe within.*

Van Grin. within. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——

Lovew. Ay 'tis he, and I believe laughing at his ſhadow for want of a better Subject,———

Enter Van Grin. *Limping.*

Oh Sir, you're come very opportunely——Pray what is't provokes your Mirth ſo.

Van Grin. Why the oddeſt Jeſt that ever I knew in my Life, Faith and Troth, Ha, ha, ha, ha,—— for upon the report of the Widows late good ſucceſs you muſt know, I was making freſh Love to her, and running after her down a pair of Stairs, where the plaguy Jade her Maid, Ha, ha, ha,—— had thrown a handful of Peaſe juſt before; what does me I, but tumble down from Top to bottom Faith and Troth——Ha, ha, ha, Gad I believe I've broke two of my Ribs—beſides, ſpraining my Leg, Ha, ha, ha, ha,——— did you ever know ſuch a Jeſt. [*Sits down.*

Lovew. No, by my Soul, never ſuch a kind of Jeſt in my life.

Van Grin. My Head too,——— I've a knob in that as big as a Turkey Egg, Ha, ha, ha,——— She told me before a Cannon ſhot would not break it, and now I find her words true Faith and Troth.

Lovew. Oh Sir, 'tis a great ſign of Love, when ſhe begins to play Frolicks with ye.

Van Grin. Why faith, I think ſo, though ſhe has been plaguy croſs to me of late

late too; but, if I thought this was her way of making Love, Gad I'd go and preſent her the uſe of my Legs and Arms, and let her ſprain and break 'em as ſhe pleas'd, let her but give me leave to Joke, and all the reſt of my Members are at her Service, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jeſt faith.

Lovew. And truly, Sir, Yours is the moſt ſenſible ſort of Love of any I ever heard of; for as a famous Author has it,

He that Hangs, or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.

Van Grin. Why 'tis very true; and that's very pretty,——and ſo art thou too, ye little briſk ſmug-fac'd Rogue, ha, ha, ha,——Oh my Ribs, my Side, my Legs,——ha, ha, ha,——a plaguy Jade, that was ſuch a Jeſt to throw Peaſe upon the Stairs.

Lovew. Ah Sir, thereby hangs a ſtory that would make your Ribs ſoon well again, if you knew all.——

Van Grin. Say'ſt thou ſo; prithee what is't? my dear *Mercury.*

Lovew. Nay, I think in Juſtice I ought to inform ye; therefore know Sir, the Widow loves ye, and this Maſquerade is I believe made chiefly for your ſake.

Van Grin. Ha, ha, ha,——No, no, ye Jeſt, ye Jeſt.

Lovew. Huſh, lay your Finger upon your Mouth,——here comes Company; and if your Legs will give ye leave follow me, I'll tell ye more. [*Exit.*

Van Grin. 'Dsheart, if my Legs were off I'd follow thee upon this account. [*Exit Limping after her.*

Enter Bumfiddle *and* Darewell.

Darew. 'Dsdeath ſhe has abus'd me beyond humane patience.

L. *Bum.* Oh you muſt never mind that, Captain; 'tis the way of ſome Women; You a Man of War, and leave off the Fight for a Chance ſhot or two, I'm aſham'd on't,——When ſhall we ſup together again, the laſt Veniſon was very good as I'm a Proteſtant.

Darew. 'Twas a ſign ſo by your Eating indeed.—— [*aſide.*
Oh, when you pleaſe, Madam,——but hark ye, when is my Marriage to be.

L. *Bum.* Why thou ſhalt have her to Night,——are the Hundred Guineas ready?

Darew. All ready to Chink into your hand, Madam, if that were but done once.

L. *Bum.* Thou ſhalt have her to Night then, I tell thee, ſhe ſent to thee to get a Parſon ready, did not ſhe.

Darew. Why yes, and I have one yonder; but the Devil take me if I am not afraid ſhe'll have ſome damn'd freak or other in her head, and plague me again; ſee yonder ſhe comes, and that Fool *Solon* with her, whom I have not yet beaten; but if he ſcapes when next I meet him, I'll give him leave to Rival me indeed.

Enter Berenice, Solon, *and* Pimpwell.

Beren. Yonder he is, and I muſt teize him once more, tho' I loſe him by't,——give me your hand, Sir, why d'ye loyter ſo,——You know I hate to have ye out of my ſight; and yet you are ſtill ſo backward.

Darew. Fond, by this light, and blames him for his Loitering.

L. *Bum.* She is not bewitch'd ſure, is ſhe.

Solon. O Lord! I vow and ſwear, Madam, I could outrun the ſwift wing'd Racers of the Sky, as the Book ſays, to keep you Company, well, I vow that's a curious thought, as a Man may ſay.

Darew.

Darew. I ſhall have no patience, ——— Come Madam, what d'ye mean? the Man of God ſtays yonder according to your Order.

Beren. Oh, thank ye good Captain; I had forgot I vow.

L. *Bum.* Oh, ſhe's coming to her ſelf again, I ſee.

Beren. Sir you are extremely oblig'd to the Captain here, for his good will, fearing that I ſhould keep your paſſion off too long, he has provided here a Chaplain for ye. ——— Come, Sir, I'm ready. [*To* Solon.

Darew. Death and Furies! a Chaplain for him.

Solon. I Vow and Swear he's the Civilleſt perſon that ever I met in my Life, as a Man may ſay.

Darew. Nay then, Rage ſhall take place; Scoundrel avaunt, and d'ye hear, Madam, do me Juſtice inſtantly, and come and let the Parſon do his Duty, or may I live branded with the name of Villain, if here I throw not off all rules of Decency, Manners, Reſpect, and Duty for your perſon, and carve out inſtantly my worſt Revenge in the Hearts blood of that ridiculous Monſter.

Beren. Why come then; Lord! what need you be in ſuch a paſſion? If I muſt be yours, I muſt be yours, —— and there's an end on't: ——— God buy *Solon*, you ſee there's no help for't, ——— *Betty* ſtay here, and banter him as I inſtructed thee, ——— [*aſide to* Pimpwell. *Exeunt.*

L. *Bum.* I was plaguily afraid the freakiſh Jipſey would have made me loſe my hundred Guineas.

Solon. A plague on't, what doings are here? Now foreward then backward; then this way, and then t'other way; now Chuck under the Chin, and next minute ſpet in ones Face; why this is the very Devil, as a Man may ſay.

Pimp. Oh, Sir, don't trouble your ſelf; this is only a trick upon the Captain; go preſently and dreſs your ſelf for the Maſquerade, and then rely upon me; I'll give ye an account of her Habit, and you ſhall ſteal her off and Marry her in ſpite of him.

Solon. Why then, I vow and ſwear, that will be mighty neatly contriv'd; and I ſhall have ſomething in the bottom of my Pocket for thee too, Sweet-heart, —— and if I can but ſteal her away as thou ſay'ſt, I care not if I go to Loggerheads with the bluſtering Captain every hour of the Day, as a Man may ſay.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Lawrence *and* Bias *in Maſquerade; Sir* Lawrence *dreſs'd like an Old Woman.*

Sir *Law.* If I am not aſham'd of my ſelf; there is no Wiſdom in Age and Experience; for an Old Man as I am, whoſe dreſs ſhould be grave and decent, and whoſe Actions ſhould be conſequent to his Gravity, to come a Maſquerading, Equipt thus egregiouſly; ah 'tis Foppiſh and Vile: ——— But then again, 'tis true, I'm a Courtier, and the Fop is the leſs ſeen in me.

Bias. For my part I ne'er trouble my head about that, I'm no more a Fop now than I us'd to be.

Sir *Law.* Ah Boy, 'tis for thy ſake that I Expoſe my ſelf thus; the Widow has receiv'd her Fortune again, I hear, and therefore we muſt turn the humour. Well Boy! but what Anſwer did ſhe make thee this Morning.

Bias. Gad ſhe was in the rareſt humour that ever I ſaw her in my Life, faith; ſhe

ſhe has appointed the hour, told me her Diſguiſe, and I'm to ſteal her away to night n Maſquerade.

Sir *Lawr.* Why, Bleſſing on her Heart,——and my Opinion of her is mightily chang'd ſince yeſterday——go go away Boy and watch her Motions——my Son.——*Exit* Bias. *Solon* will be provided for to night too, why, here will be ſuch an hour of Coupling, gad, I believe the Stars themſelves will be all in Conjunction, and I'm glad on't at my heart faith,——how now, who comes here——oh, I ſee the Humor holds general, there are more Fools abroad than my ſelf.

Enter Callow *and* Margery *in Maſquerade.*

Callow. So, My Dear, now thou'rt mine by Law, the Parſon has done his part—and I think I've done mine a little,——and faith to get up the Chimney to come out to me, was a very odd contrivance, that's the Truth.

Marger. What d'ye think a Maid of my Age can't contrive to come out to her Man, when ſhe hath a mind to be Married, I'd have broke thown the Wall but I'd have come to thee; if thwere only to ſpite my Father, I'll teath him to lock me up.

Sir *Lawr.* That lisping Fool puts me in mind of my *Peggy*, that I have lock'd up at home.——

Callow. Ay ay, now I have thee faſt, let the old Heteroclite fret himſelf into a Conſumption, if he will,——but ſee, here's ſome of the Maſquers come already.

Marg. Oh Lord, that's an old Woman, I'll go ſpeak to her,——How uow Grannum——What make you here, hah?

Sir *Lawr.* I come a fooling as you do, What have you ſtole out from your Father's houſe, through the Chimney, ſay ye?

Marg. Yeth that I have, and have Married without hith leave, becauth I found my ſelf capable.

Sir *Lawr.* Indeed,——What! and you are the happy Bridegroom, are ye Friend?

Callow. Inſtead of a better, Grannum, you will get little or nothing by us this time, we can bring our ſelves together without ye, we ſhall have no occaſion for a Bawd, Rot me.

Sir *Lawr.* This muſt be the Rakehelly Lieutenant, I know him bp his *Rot me.*

Callow. But if you have a mind to try, how you can move your old Bones, and will Dance at our Wedding, you muſt come away quickly, for we are juſt going to begin.

Marg. Ay ay, old Drybouth—we are Jutht going to begin, ha ha ha [*Exeunt.*

Sir *Lawr.* She has got my young Jades Tone exactly, by the Parliament I don't know what to think on't——if theſe young Queans can climb up Chimnies to get to their Fellows, what a plague ſignifies Locks to our doors,——I'll go after 'em and be reſolv'd, for my Heart miſgives me damnably. [*Exit.*

Enter L. Subtle, *Sir* Philip, *and* Lovewell in Maſquerade.

L. *Subtle.* Baſe faithleſs wretch, haſt thou deceiv'd me then.

L. *Lovew.* 'Tis in vain to rail, Madam, Sir *Philip* has done me right, and you muſt excuſe me for fruſtrating your hopes upon ſo good an occaſion; if we have wrong'd ye, you know the Law is open.

Sir *Phil.* Ha ha ha——Here they are faith,——here's the glittering Damnation——come into my Clutches agen Widow. [*Shews the Jewels.*

L. *Subtle.* And I hope ſhe'll make thee pay for 'em,——and ſince merely to abuſe

abuſe me thou haſt Married—for ſtill I know thou hateſt it; May Diſcord, Jealouſie, hated Barrenneſs, with all the Curſes of the Marriage-State, be thy perpetual Plague.

Sir *Phil.* Ay ſo it ſhall when I come into't,—— [*aſide.*
this Crochet will do well upon my Hat, Widow, ——

L. *Subtle.* Out of my ſight, or I ſhall Stab ye both.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, nay, if you are ſo deſperate, farewel t'ye,—come *Lovewell*, let's go and peruſe our Writings. [*Exit.*

Lovew. Fie, fie, this Rage is ridiculous ——what is done, is done, and tho' I cannot wrong my ſelf, nor part with my dear *Philip*, nor his Fortune, yet if you'll follow my Advice, Madam, and Marry, I'll help ye to a Fool and Fifteen hundred a year, if that will make amends, nay, never boggle at it.—Keep up good Humor, let the Dance begin, and ere an hour is ended, he's your own.

L. *Subtle.* Thou art a very Devil, and thou canſt do any thing, there's no remedy, I ſee I muſt take what thou wilt give me, lead on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Darewell.

Darew. So, with much ado, ſhe's mine at laſt, tho' I was damnably afraid at firſt, all the time the Service was ſaying, that ſhe would have plaid ſome freak or other with the Parſon,—but, as it happens, ſhe was more tame than I expected——well, Heaven ſend me good luck——I'm ſure I've took pains enough about her.

Enter L. Brainleſs.

L. *Brain.* Who's that, *Darewell?*

Darew. The ſame, my Lord, What is not the Dance begun yet?

L. *Brain.* Begun, what, without me, Fool,——they may as well begin without the Fiddles, I have kept 'em a little too long, 'tis true, but what doſt think I've been employ'd about?

Darew. Nay, ſome mighty Affair, without doubt.

L. *Brain.* The greateſt in the World, the Devil take me,——thou art my Friend, I dare truſt thee, hark in thy Ear,——I'm juſt now Married.

Darew. Married, my Lord, why hark in your Ear then, So am I, this ſhall be call'd the *Marriage Maſquerade*, for I know of two Couple more, but to whom good my Lord.

L. *Brain.* Why, to dear Pupſey——I have been horribly in love with her a great while, thou know'ſt ſhe's an extreme witty perſon, and they ſay, a great Fortune.

Darew. She has been a High Flyer indeed my Lord, and to my knowledge, kept company with Crown'd Heads, but not worth a Groat, by Heaven. [*aſide.*

L. *Brain.* She's yonder amongſt the Maſquers, come *Tarr*, I believe thou'rt but a wooden Dancer,—— Obſerve me and it may do thee a kindneſs.

[*Muſick ſtrikes.*

Enter Sir Philip, *Sir* Lawrence, Callow, L. Bum. Lovewell, Berenice, Solon, Bias, Margery, Comode, Pimpwell, Bandy La Pupſey, *L.* Hockley in *Maſquerade*; Pupſey *carries her Lap-dog in Maſquerade too.*

Song

SONG in Two Parts.

As ſoon as the Chaos *was turn'd into Form,*
And the firſt Race of Men knew a good from a harm,
They quickly did joyn,
In a Knowledge Divine,
That the chiefeſt of Bleſſings were Women and Wine;
Since when by example Improving Delights,
Wine Governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights.
Then Love on and Drink,
'Tis a Folly to think
Of a Myſtery out of our reaches;
Be Moral in Thought
To be Merry's no Fault,
Thô an Elder the contrary Preaches.
For never, my Friends, was an Age of more Vice,
Than when Knaves would ſeem Pious, and Fools would ſeem Wiſe.

La Pup. Well, I ſwear your Lordſhip Dances like a little God.

L. *Brain.* And thou like a Goddeſs, my dear charming Heavenly ——— ah Pox, there's no body elſe here can move a Leg, —— yet faith the Maſquerade is extravagant enough, —— here's no body but *Darewell*, that I can gueſs at in the whole company—ha ha ha, I wonder who that bulky thing is.

La Pupſey. That muſt be my Lady *Bumfiddle* by her Obeſity.

L. *Brain.* Her Obeſſity, What a Plague's that?——her Belly,— I ſee I muſt pick up my old ſcraps of Learning agen, my Spouſe will over-run me elſe moſt damnably, but my Dear, prithee where's Monſieur *Le Chien.*

La Pupſey. Oh my dear *Dony*, I had almoſt forgot him, I beg your Patience my Lord —— I'll fetch him, and wait on ye agen immediately— [*Exit.*

Lovew. *to Sir* Phil.] So, by this time, *Hymen* has been Sacrific'd to ſufficiently, no leſs than ſix Couple have lovingly paid their Devotion to his Altar, I'm ſure.

Sir *Phil.* Six Couple, why their off-ſpring well begot, in Twenty years time, may be enough to Man a Fleet——poor fool, there wants one Couple of the Six thô — to my knowledge—— [*aſide.*

L. *Bum.* The Devil take theſe Prolix doings, I begin to be very hungry.

Beren. That's my Lady *Bumfiddle*, I wonder what ſhe does for her Supper all this while.

Darew. She has been putting me in mind of Supper three times within this half Hour.

Beren. If you were to chuſe—— what you lik'd, which would you have of all theſe?

L. *Bum.* There's nothing worth having here, but there's a *Weſtphalia* Ham and Pigeons in the next room, I'd chuſe that if I might.

L. *Hock.* This is ſomewhat rude *La Pupſey*, to your Betters, I muſt tell ye that. [*Lady* Pupſey *juſtles Lady* Hockley.

L. Pupſey, my Betters, poor Creature, prithee my Lord tell her who I am, whilſt I walk by and ſmile.

L. *Brain.* Madam, your Fault ſprings from your Ignorance, but hence forth re-

member this Lady is my Wife, Dammy.

L. *Hock.* Why then, with my Lady's pardon,—I hope ſhe'll thank me, at leaſt, for all the old Gowns I've given her— for thô ſhe be your Wife now my Lord, ſhe was lately Retainer to our Caball, and formerly a Player.———

L. *Pupſey.* The Devil was in me to provoke her, all will out now I ſee, there's no remedy.——— [*aſide.*

L. *Brain.* A Player, ha ha ha, why now you Rave, Madam,——*Darewel*, thou canſt witneſs the contrary of that, thou toldſt me her Breeding was ſuch, that ſhe has been familiar with Kings and Queens.

Darew. Ay my Lord in the Play-houſe, I told ye ſhe was a High Flyer too, that is, I have ſeen her upon a Machine in the *Tempeſt*.

L. *Brain.* In the *Tempeſt*, why then I ſuppoſe I may ſeek her fortune in the *inchanted Iſland*, what a plague you have trick'd me then *Fubbs*, have ye?

L. *Pupſey.* Trick'd ye my Lord, that's a phraſe I confeſs I underſtand not yet, but if you deſign to be Acid, I can have patience thô you are never ſo Acrilogical, 'tis all one to me, 'tis the ſame thing in the *Greek*. [*Enter* Van Grinn.

L. *Brain. Greek*, the Devil take all Learning, I ſay, 'dsdeath are theſe the joys of Marriage?

Van Grin. The Joys of Marriage, ha ha ha ha, a very good Jeſt, faith; I have moſt ſhare in that, I'm ſure. Where is this Sir *Philip*, now let him produce himſelf, that I may laugh at him immoderately, ha ha ha ha, for I have Married the Widow and wip'd his Noſe, Faith and Troth, ha ha ha.

Sir *Phil.* Thou haſt got indeed the Shell of the Widow, but her Kernel, the Writings and Jewels are under Lock and Key in my cuſtody, ha ha ha ha.

Van Grin. He's downright Mad, Faith and Troth,——thou the Jewels, ſpeak Spouſe, and confute the ſilly Knight——

L. *Subtle.* Why, the Truth is, Sir, he has got the Writings and Jewels agen; but now I have got you with an Eſtate, Sir, we'll ſwinge him off at Law.

Van Grin. Law!——nay, if you talk of Law already, I've catch'd a Tartar faith and Troth.

Sir *Lawr.* Sure my Eyes don't dazle, What can be the meaning of this?

Bias. What a Plague, is the Widow ſplit in two then? for I have one half of her here.

Comode. Not half a Widow, but a whole Maid at your Service, Sir.——

Lovew. Oh! Mrs. *Comode*, I wiſh ye much Joy.———

Sir *Lawr.* Why, this is Witchcraft, by the Parliament, now I'm ſerious.

Bias. What a pox have I got, the Widows Bed-warmer, and inſtead of 70000 Ducats, the lawful Inheritrix to 7 pair of worn-out Lac'd Shooes, and a Dozen of old Combs; go Troop Troop, my Brother *Solon* will laugh me to death,—— he has got a fine Lady and a Fortune. [*Puſhes* Comode *away.*

Darew. Not the Lady you mean I can aſſure ye Sir, as this can witneſs, I have hid her aboard my ſelf.—— [*Diſcovers* Berenice.

Solon. Why then, as I hope to be ſav'd, I can't tell what to make of all this, I was to take her away in this diſguiſe, and now he has got her, and if I han't Married her, I'll take my Oath on't I've Married the Devil in her ſhape, as a Man may ſay.

Pimpw. You have Married one, Sir, that has had a tender care for your Perſon a long time, I aſſure ye——— [*Diſcovers her ſelf.*

Sir

Sir *Phil.* Ha ha ha—Here's Matrimony like Grapes in Clusters, Faith——I'm glad I've 'scap'd squeezing. [*aside.*

Beren. Oh *Betty*, I wish thee good luck, take care and make a good Wife, d'ye hear?

Solon. You have neither good Bubbies nor a good Face,—— therefore Troop Troop, as my Brother *Bias* says. [*Pushes* Pimpwel *away.*

Comode. Well Sir, the Law will give us Allie Money, and that's all we care for—

Sir *Lawr.* My two Sons Married to two Chamber-maids—and by a Trick,—— nay then, there seldom comes two Mischiefs but there's a Third,—by your leave Mistress——I believe you and I have some intimacy— [*Unmasques* Margery.

Marg. Well well, what care I, heerth my Huthband——And y'are an old fribling, fulsome, foolish, feeble, fumbling fornicating Fellow, for all y're my Father, to lock up me, tho ye are.

Sir *Lawr.* Ay, i knew 'twas she——here's your coy, skittish Quean for ye,—— they're all so, they Sneak and Prim in publick, as if Butter would not melt in their Mouths, but they are very Devils in a corner.

Callow. Well well, Sir, pay her her Six thousand pounds——and then Rail as much as you think good, Rot me.

Sir *Lawr.* D'ye hear Friend, you know y'are a Coward, and I know y'are Cashier'd, and therefore if you get one Farthing of her Fortune, why then—Rot me.

Sir *Phil.* He's in the right *Callow*, your business is done at Court, I told ye what would come of your herding with the Factious Party.

Darew. Why now, one may walk Horses, and t'other may Spin, a very hopeful Match indeed.

L. *Bum.* There never comes better luck when the Blockheads don't Consult me, I have always observ'd it as I'm a Protestant.

Callow. 'Tis very hard they should pick out only me, there are more Officers in the Regiment, and some, that to my Knowledge, how fair soever they carry it, are as Factious as my self, Burn me.

Lovew. And by degrees will be all glean'd out I hope, —— A Rot in an Army is a dangerous thing—but Sir *Lawrence*, Have your new Affairs intirely taken up your Memory, that you forget your Servant *Lovewell.*——

Sir *Law.* *Lovewell*, I'm amaz'd, why thou look'st like a very Woman.

Lovew. And as very a Woman I am, old Knight, as ever you knew in your life, that has, to right former Injuries, and help the Marriage-hater here to a good Wife, that may be the occasion of his Salvation hereafter, liv'd thus long in disguise in your Family, and instead of Brother to your Friends Daughter *Phabe*, that was debauch'd, you here behold the very *Phabe* her self, Sir.

Sir *Law.* Hey day! why this is an hour of Wonders.

L. *Bum.* } The Marriage-Hater Catch'd at last, ha, ha, ha.
L. *Hack.* }

Sir *Phil.* Hold, hold, good Ladies,—— pray let me Explain my self a little, lest your Extravagant Mirth should not hold out well to the end; 'tis true my Dear, as thou say'st, I am Married.

Love. Ay, Child, I know it; and thou hast made me the happiest Greature breathing.

Sir *Phil.* With all my Heart; would I could marry fifty a day at the same rate, for such a Fortune,—— *Buffle*, come Sirrah, off with your Disguise; Look ye, Child,—— resolving not to let any Female Wit ever have the better of me; I have over-reach'd thee with another trick, faith, and am Married by my *Valet*

to Chamber, so that, instead of dull, drowzy Wedlock, I am just in the Predicament as I was before, ha, ha, ha, ha,—— [*Turns back on the sudden, and finds* Thum. *instead of* Buffle.
How now! What a Devil art thou.——
Thum. A Minister of the Word, and shall please thee.
Sir *Phil.* A Minister; what a plague have I to do with a Minister?—— where's *Buffle*?
Thum. He is at the Door there; he did desire me to do for thee this good office.
Sir *Phil* Peace Hell-hound, Screech-Owl, Black-Coat, Slave,—— by the Furies I'm caught in my own Snare.—— [*aside.* *Enter* Buffle.
How now, Rogue; what mistake is this?
Buffle. I desire thou wilt not be angry, I have done all for thy good indeed.
Sir *Phil.* Ah sordid Villain, I'll Murder thee—— [*Pulls* Buffle *by the Ears and Cuffs him.*
Darew. Oh, prithee, Sir *Philip*,—— no Passion now; let's hear what the Fellow says.
Buffle. Why, what is there occasion for all this broken Face now; have ee not done all things for the besht, indeed;—— thou didst desecr me to learn the way of the Marriage, for thee; and by Chreesht ee did learn and learn, and ee did forget again indeed;—— and then for fear that I should mistake ee did desecr my Brother, who is in Orders, and whose Trade it is—— instead of my shelf, to do it well for thee; and vare is the harm of this.
Sir *Phil.* Hell and the Devil! Oh Ignorant Dog; that I could but get at that Nose of thine.
Love. Go, go, get ye both gone; and here's twenty Guineas to Cure your Face, Friend; away I say,—— [*Exeunt* Buffle *and* Thummim.
'Slife how near had I been lost again; this is the luckiest turn that ever happen'd.
L. *Brain.* Faith, *Freewit*, thou'rt snapt too,—thou'rt in our Row now, in spite on thee, I'm glad he has married his Wench, that he mayn't laugh at me for my bargain there,—— for the Devil take me, if I don't begin to be asham'd of her already. [*aside.*
Sir *Law.* Well, for my part, since Chance must rule the Roast in spite of all Endeavours, I'll be a fond doting Fool no longer,—— Let my Son *Bias* be Pox'd if he pleases; my hopeful Son *Solon* hang himself in his hopeful Wife's Garters, and let my Daughter turn *Doll* Common to the Army:—— I'll please my self as long as I can by the Parliament; keep a good Table to get me Reputation; drink the King's Health to shew my Loyalty; keep a good Horse in my Stable, and a handsome Wench for my Housekeeper, and there's the resolution of an old Courtier; now I'm serious in good Earnest.
Bias. Say ye so old Dew-beater; why then I'll do like all those Sons whose Fathers are as you have been,—— Spend all I can in your Life time; Drink Bumpers to your good passage, when I hear you are dying; and forget ye before ye are buried.
Solon. I'm sure 'tis you have been the occasion of my miscarriage; for you would have me Marry, tho' I was no more fit for a Wife, than a Cow is for a Saddle, as a Man may say.
Beren. Come Sister, what grown dull with your new Fortune? You may be glad it happens so well; Come, come, be merry for shame, and Cheer up your Husband there, I swear he's down in the Mouth.

L. *Subtle.*

L. *Subtle.* And will be worse down, I believe, before I've done with him.—Why, it seems he had the Impudence to expect a Fortune with me; 'tis a Proverb indeed, that often by Chance, Fools may have Fortune; —— but that a Widow ever gave a Fortune to a Fool, is a President yet to make, at least till she was come to her time of dotage: —— Come, come, Laugh, Sir, Laugh.

Van Grin. This is the only thing in the World that I can't Laugh at, Faith and Troth. First, to Marry one that cares not if I were hang'd; and then to be frustrated of her Fortune, which is the only thing a Widow is good for; one too that has the Impudence to call me Fool the first minute of our Marriage, and without doubt will make me a Cuckold the next; 'has quite balk'd me; I could not Laugh if I might get a thousand pounds by't, —— I could rather weep, faith and troth, —— [*makes Grimaces as ready to weep.*

Darew. Ha, ha, ha, ha,—— a pox on't you must strive against Melancholy, Man, — 'tis the worst disease for a fellow of thy Kidney in the World; besides to begin with it, upon thy Wedding-day, 'tis ominous; for my part I have been venturing too here, but am resolved to be merry, come what will on't.

Beren. You shall have no cause to be otherwise, Sir, all my freaks are now ended, they were only to try your humour, Sir, and have all made their *Exit* with my change of Condition; I am now as tractable a plain dull silly House-dove, as if I had been in twenty Sea-fights with ye, or had come under your Lee, for as many Years.

L. *Brain.* Well! what fortune I shall get by my Marriage, I find is a Riddle, but I am sure to have Rhetorick in abundance, —— if florid words could be sum'd into pounds, I were certain of Ten thousand of 'em in an hours time. —— I hope Madam, I may take place of Monsieur *L'Cbien* too, 'tis time for our Rivalship to end now.

La Pupsey. Yes, my Lord, says he, I shall be proud to yield to your Lordship in any thing says he, yet I have had many a sweet Night with my dear says he, Ay my dear Life's-blood so thou hast.——Well! my Lord may be as angry as he pleases ——, but if I've a hundred Children by him, I shall ne'er love one of 'em half so well.—— [*apart.*

L. *Bum.* Why, what a glut of Weddings are here, —— and but one Supper to 'em all, this is pittiful Management, as I'm a Protestant.

L. *Hack.* I vow, I could wish, methinks, the Frolick had gone thorough; my Niece and I here, are the only uncoupled in the whole Company.

Bundy. Which was neither of our faults, Aunt, I'm sure.

Darew. Come, Sir *Philip*; Fate is Inevitable, and 'tis in vain to resist its decree, for my part I'll wear my Yoak, if it chance to be a Yoak, with all the Patience imaginable; ——and when the Marriage Courtship is a little over, to Sea again, and Court the Foe in Thunder, —— Our Fleet is Royal, Hearts I hope are sound too;

And let our Loyal Union, be well fram'd,
If ever then we are baffled, I'll be damn'd.

Lovew. And now, Sir, passion being a little over, I hope you'll own what I have done was just; and since to help the failures of my Wit, a special Act of Providence befriended me, be pleased to look on me with Eyes of Pity,

For you might have, Sir, to Indulge your life,
A newer Bride, but not a better Wife.

Sir

Sir *Phil.* Give me thy hand, —— I am Convinc'd this moment, that Marriages the Bliss or Plagues of Life, are as thou say'st, all th' Effects of Providence; and to begin the Reverend Estate Soberly, —— first I will Execute Justice; Therefore, as to you, Madam, —— [*To L.* Subtle. what of Sir *Solomon*'s Estate appears your due, shall justly be surrender'd. —— My Spouse, and I shall have enough to Eat with, and cooly enjoy our selves like old Acquaintance, that long have fed on the Bak'd meat of Matrimony: And since the Stars, with their propitious Influences, in spite of my Opinionated Wit, have us'd me like a Vermine in a Trap,

Patient, I'll Relish pleasure dearly bought,
And Chaw on the same Cheese, with which I'm caught.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *La Pupsey*, with her Lap-dog in Masquerade.

TWo Heads they say are best, I and the Dog
Joyn therefore, to perform the Epilogue:
And first, before we excuse what th' Poet Writ,
Your humble Conge, Dony, *to the Pit.* [Bows the Dog.
Gallants, says he, I must presume to Crave
The Privilege that all Young Actors have;
Who tho they often blunder to a Crime,
Are certain of your pardon the first time.
And tho' I want the Management of Tongue,
And have said little, yet you know I've Sung.
Ay, so thou hast my dear Felicity: [*Kisses him.*
So much for Dony, *now the rest for me.*
I Swear, I quake to think, tho' not intended,
How many here may chance to be offended;
Who often when their Lovers can't succeed,
Smuggle a Creature of my Dony's *breed.*
For as a Babe of Seven,
To imitate the Married Couples Brood,
Will play with their resemblance made in Wood;
So Infants of Eighteen that want success,
To Catch the greater Donys *play with less.*
This amongst others, Gallants, to your view,
We now present ye all as humours new;
Without the least reflection or Abuse:
And if you now Impartial Candor use,
Then to your Service we shall still apply
Your most Obsequious Humble Dog and I.

FINIS.